



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES
HELD AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Commemorating
The One Hundredth Birthday of
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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THE ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION
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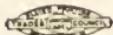
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Lincolnian



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Miss Helen Nicolay
Oct. 4, 1928.

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SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 22

WHEREAS, The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will occur on the 12th day of February, 1909; and,

WHEREAS, It is fitting and proper that the State of Illinois should celebrate the anniversary of the birth of this greatest of all American statesmen; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate of the State of Illinois, the House of Representatives concurring therein, That the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln be celebrated in the city of Springfield on the 12th day of February, 1909; and, be it further

Resolved, That the Governor is hereby authorized and empowered to appoint a commission of fifteen representative citizens of this State to have charge of all arrangements for such celebration.

Adopted by the Senate, October 8, 1907.

Concurred in by the House, October 9, 1907.

STATE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

JOHN W. BUNN
BEN F. CALDWELL
EDWIN L. CHAPIN
JAMES A. CONNOLLY
JAMES A. CREIGHTON
SHELBY M. CULLOM
J OTIS HUMPHREY
WILLIAM JAYNE
EDWARD D. KEYS
ALFRED ORENDOFF
NICHOLAS ROBERTS
JAMES A. ROSE
EDGAR S. SCOTT
LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN
PHILIP BARTON WARREN

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

[INCORPORATORS]

HON. MELVILLE W. FULLER, Chief Justice U. S.

Supreme Court

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM, U. S. S.

HON. ALBERT J. HOPKINS, U. S. S.

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, M. C.

HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON

HON. CHARLES S. DENEEN, Governor

HON. JOHN P. HAND, Chief Justice Sup. Court

HON. J OTIS HUMPHREY, Judge U. S. Dist. Court

HON. JAMES A. ROSE, Secretary of State

HON. BEN F. CALDWELL, M. C.

HON. RICHARD YATES

MELVILLE E. STONE, Esq., New York

HORACE WHITE, Esq., New York

JOHN W. BUNN, Esq.

DR. WILLIAM JAYNE

SUMMARY

The memorial exercises, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, were held under the general direction of the State Centennial commission, working in conjunction with the Lincoln Centennial association, (incorporated) and consisted of a number of distinct events so arranged as not to conflict with each other as to date or purpose. Each separate event was a distinct success and the numbers in attendance were limited in every instance by the capacity of the buildings in which the exercises were held. The more important events included in these memorial exercises were as follows:

The Armory meeting, at which addresses were made by Ambassadors Jusserand and Bryce and by Senator Dolliver and Mr. Bryan, and a banquet served to 800 guests;

The Tabernacle meeting, earlier in the day, at which an audience of 10,000 was addressed by the same distinguished speakers;

The religious services held at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church (formerly the First Presbyterian church where Mr. Lincoln worshiped while living in Springfield) at which Rev. Dr. Thomas D. Logan delivered the principal address;

The Grand Army meeting at which a Lincoln tree was planted in the Court House square by the veterans, after which ceremony they marched to the Lincoln tomb, served as a Guard of Honor during the day and, in a body, attended the banquet at night;

The Sons of the American Revolution meeting, at which addresses were delivered by Judges Cartwright and Creighton and a memorial tablet, marking the site of the old Lincoln law office, was unveiled at 109 North Fifth street;

The Daughters of the American Revolution meeting, consisting of a reception at the old Lincoln home and a luncheon served at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian association;

The State Historical society meeting in the library at the State Capitol including a reception and addresses;

The High School meeting, the principal feature of which was the address of Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis;

An informal reception at the Executive Mansion at which the guests of the commission together with State officials, Justices of the Supreme Court and others paid their respects to Governor and Mrs. Deneen;

A visit to the Lincoln tomb participated in by the guests of the commission, as well as by State and city officials and many citizens of Springfield;

An informal luncheon served at the home of the Illini Country Club in honor of the city's guests.

AT THE ARMORY

The principal event of the celebration was the banquet in the evening at the Armory. Here eight hundred and fifty members of the Centennial association with their guests were seated at seventy-one tables, and the galleries were filled with spectators and auditors. The hall of the armory was brilliantly illuminated and conspicuous among the decorations were the national colors of France and of England mingled with those of the United States. Judge J Otis Humphrey presided as toastmaster. Addresses were delivered by the French Ambassador, the British Ambassador, Senator Dolliver and Mr. Bryan. Letters of regret from Senator Cullom and Booker T. Washington were read and a poem by Charles Henry Butler. The letters, poem and addresses with the introductory remarks of the toastmaster are given on the following pages.

JUDGE HUMPHREY

Introducing the French Ambassador

Perhaps never again in any presence will so many of his old associates be assembled together to do honor to that immortal character given to the world by the great republic. We are in the midst of a universal celebration of which Springfield is recognized as the center, and to know what is said and done here today the world is standing at attention. Many men in all ages have taught lessons of patriotism: Mr. Lincoln taught patriotism *plus* humanity. He knew as few others have known the lesson that, more than wealth, more than fame, more than any other thing, is the power of the human heart.

The notion has long been prevalent in the east and to some extent among historians of the period that Mr. Lincoln's greatness was all attained after he became President. Let that fallacy be forever set at rest. True it is that the general recognition of his greatness came with his broadened

opportunities, but his old friends in Illinois had for years known his power and recognized his strength.

Those who had worked with him or who had opposed him in the arena of justice; those who were factors in his combinations who associated with him or took orders from him in his various political campaigns, knew his subtle diplomacy and his easy mastery of men. Some of those men still remain to us, some of them are here tonight. They had seen him convince courts, control juries and sway the masses; they heard the Bloomington speech and the spell of it is still over them. They knew his powers of expression, his moderation of statement; his willingness to yield nonessentials, his immovable adherence to what he regarded as important. They saw in him then what the world sees now, a rare combination of gentleness, genius and strength. So, when at Washington they saw his apparent yielding to his great secretaries, going Seward's way yesterday, and Chase's way today, and Stanton's way tomorrow, these men knew as the country did not know, that Mr. Lincoln was all the time going his own way and that he would carry the secretaries with him.

From that rugged poet, Edwin Markham, painting him in colors so rich that I could never hope to equal them, we learn that:

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophesy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light that gives as freely to
The shrinking weed as to the great oak flaring to the wind—
The grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin to the Capital,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splended strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge pole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in Whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Since colonial days France has been the constant friend of America; in the recent generations when the peoples of the earth, caught up in the mighty sweep of God's purposes, have been tending more and more toward representative government, these two nations have been marching in the front rank; each has taught her citizens to speak plain, the great sweet word, Liberty; each has experienced the difficulty of teaching that the sovereignty of self over self is the highest liberty; each has taught that as liberty is the summit of society, so equality before the law is

the basis of organized government; each has stood to the other, sometimes as an example and sometimes a warning, and these lessons of history have been profitable to both.

The greatest republic of the old world greets us tonight in the person of one of her most distinguished citizens. Gentlemen, I have pleasure in presenting the scholar, the author, the diplomatist, His Excellency, Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Abraham Lincoln as France Regarded Him

On two tragic occasions, at a century's distance, the fate of this country has trembled in the balance: Would it be a free nation? Would it continue to be one nation? A leader was wanted on both occasions, a very different one in each case. This boon from above was granted to the American people who had a Washington when a Washington was needed and a Lincoln when a Lincoln could save them.

Both had enemies, both had doubters, but both were recognized by all open-minded people and, above all, by the nation at large, as the men to shape the nation's destinies. When the Marquis de Chastellux came to America as chief of staff in the army of Rochambeau, his first thought was to go and see his friend Lafayette and, at the same time, Washington. He has noted in his memoirs what were, on first sight, his impressions of the not yet victorious, not yet triumphant, not yet universally admired American patriot:

"I saw," he said, "M. de Lafayette talking in the yard with a tall man of 5 feet 9 inches, of noble mien and sweet face. It was the general himself. I dismounted and soon felt myself at my ease by the side of the greatest and best of all men. All who meet him trust him, but no one is familiar with him, because the sentiment he inspires to all has ever the same cause; a profound esteem for his virtues and the highest opinion of his talents." So wrote a foreigner who was not Lafayette, who suddenly found himself face to face with the great man. Any chance comer, any passer-by would have been similarly impressed. He inspired confidence and those who saw him felt that the fate of the country was safe in his hands.

A century of almost unbroken prosperity had nearly elapsed when came the hour of the nation's second trial. Though it may seem to us a small matter compared with what we have seen since, the development had been considerable; the scattered colonies of yore had become a great nation, and now it seemed as if all was in doubt again; the nation was young, wealthy, powerful, pros-

perous; it had immense domains and resources; yet it seemed as if her fate would parallel those of old empires described by Tacitus, which, without foes, crumble to pieces under their own weight. Within her own frontiers elements of destruction or disruption had been growing; hatreds were embittered among people equally brave, bold and sure of their rights. The edifice raised by Washington was trembling on its base; a catastrophe was at hand. Then it was that in the middle-sized, not yet world-famous town, Chicago by name, the republican convention called there for the first time, met to choose a candidate for the presidency. It has met there again since, and has made, each time, a remarkable choice.

In 1860 it chose a man whom my predecessor of those days, announcing the news to his government, described as “a man almost unknown, Mr. Abraham Lincoln.” Almost unknown was he, indeed, at home as well as abroad, and the news of his selection was received with anxiety. My country, France, was then governed by Napoleon III; all liberals had their eyes fixed on America. Your example was the great example which gave heart to our most progressive men. You had

proved that republican government was possible, by having one. If it broke to pieces, so would the hopes of all those among us who expected that one day we would have the same. And the partisans of autocracy were loud in their assertion that a republic was well and good for a country without enemies or neighbors but that, if a storm arose, it would be shattered. A storm arose and the helm had been placed in the hands of that man almost unknown, Mr. Abraham Lincoln. "We still remember," wrote, years later, the illustrious French writer, Prevost-Paradol, "the uneasiness with which we awaited the first words of that President then unknown, upon whom a heavy task had fallen and from whose advent to power might be dated the ruin or regeneration of his country. All we knew was that he had sprung up from the humblest walks of life, that his youth had been spent in manual labor; that he had then risen by degrees in his town, in his county and in his state. What was this favorite of the people? Democratic societies are liable to errors which are fatal to them. But as soon as Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, as soon as he spoke, all our doubts and fears were dissipated;

and it seemed to us that fate itself had pronounced in favor of the good cause, since, in such an emergency, it had given to the country an honest man.”

The first words (the now famous inaugural address) had been, for Prevost-Paradol and for millions of others, what a first glance at Washington had been for Chastellux, a revelation that the man was a man, a great and honest one, and that, once more, the fate of the country, at an awful period, had been placed in safe hands.

Well indeed might people have wondered and felt anxious when they remembered how little training in great affairs the new ruler had had and the incredible difficulties of the problems he would have to solve; his heart bleeding at the very thought, for he had to fight “not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies.” No romance of adventure reads more like a romance than the true story of Lincoln’s youth and of the wanderings of his family from Virginia to Kentucky, from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to the newly-formed state of Illinois, having first to clear a part of the forest to build a doorless, windowless cabin, with one room for all the uses

of them all; Lincoln, the grandson of a man killed by the Indians, the son of a father who never succeeded in anything, and whose utmost literary accomplishment consisted in signing with great difficulty, his own name—an accomplishment he had in common with the father of Shakespeare; the whole family leading a sort of life in comparison with which that of Robinson Crusoe was one of sybaritic enjoyment. That in those trackless, neighborless, bookless parts of the country he could learn and educate himself was the first great wonder of his life; it showed, once more, that learning does not so much depend upon the master's teaching as upon the pupil's desire.

But no book, no school, no talk with refined men, would have taught him what his rough life did. Confronted every day and every hour of the day with problems which had to be solved, he got the habit of seeing, deciding and acting by himself. Accustomed from childhood to live surrounded by the unknown and meet the unexpected, his soul learnt to be astonished at nothing and, instead of losing any time in wondering, to seek at once the way out of the difficulty. What the forest, what the swamp, what the river taught

Lincoln cannot be over-estimated. After long years of it, and shorter years at long-vanished New Salem, here at Springfield, at Vandalia, the former capital, where he met some descendants of his precursors in the forest, the French "Cour-eurs de bois," almost suddenly he found himself transferred to the post of greatest honor and greatest danger. And what then would say the "man almost unknown," the backwoodsman of yesterday? What would he say? What did he say? THE RIGHT THING.

He was accustomed not to be surprised, but to decide and act. And so, confronted with circumstances which were so extraordinary as to be new to all, he was the man least astonished in the government. His rough and shrewd instinct proved of better avail than the clever minds of his more refined and better instructed seconds. It was Lincoln's instinct which checked Seward's complicated schemes and dangerous calculations. Lincoln could not calculate so cleverly but he could guess better.

His instinct, his good sense, his personal disinterestedness, his warmth of heart for friend and foe, his high aims, led him through the awful

years of anguish and bloodshed during which ceaselessly increased the number of fields decked with tombs and no one knew whether there would be one powerful nation or two weaker ones, the odds were so great. They led him through the worst and through the best hours, and that of triumph found him none other than what he had ever been before, a man of duty, the devoted servant of his country, with deeper furrows on his face and more melancholy in his heart. And so, after having saved the nation, he went to his doom and fell, as he had long foreseen, a victim to the cause for which he had fought.

The emotion caused by the event was immense. Among my compatriots, part were for the south, part for the north; they should not be blamed; it was the same in America. But the whole of those who had liberal ideas, the bulk of the nation, considered neither north nor south and thought only whether the republic would survive and continue a great republic or be shattered to pieces. The efforts of Lincoln to preserve the Union were followed with keen anxiety and the fervent hope that he would succeed.

When the catastrophe happened there were no more differences and the whole French nation was united in feeling. From the emperor and empress, who telegraphed to Mrs. Lincoln, to the humblest workman, the emotion was the same; a wave of sympathy covered the country, such a one as was never seen before. A subscription was opened to have a medal struck and a copy in gold presented to Mrs. Lincoln. In order that it might be a truly national offering, it was decided that no one would be permitted to subscribe more than 2 cents. The necessary money was collected in an instant and the medal was struck, bearing these memorable words: "Dedicated by French democracy to Lincoln, honest man, who abolished slavery, re-established the Union, saved the republic without veiling the statue of Liberty."

The French press was unanimous; from the royalist *Gazette de France* to the liberal *Journal des Debats* came forth the same expression of admiration and sorrow. "A christian," said the *Gazette de France*, "has just ascended before the throne of the Final Judge, accompanied by the souls of four millions of slaves created like ours in the image of God, and who have been endowed

with freedom by a word from him." Prevost-Paradol, a member of the French academy and a prominent liberal, wrote: "The political instinct which made enlightened Frenchmen interested in the maintenance of the American power, more and more necessary to the equilibrium of the world; the desire to see a great democratic state surmount terrible trials and continue to give an example of the most perfect liberty united with the most absolute equality, assured the cause of the north a number of friends among us. * * * Lincoln was indeed an honest man, giving to the word its full meaning, or rather the sublime sense which belongs to it, when honesty was to contend with the severest trials which can agitate states, and with events which have influence on the fate of the world. Mr. Lincoln had but one object in view from the day of his election to that of his death, namely, the fulfillment of his duty, and his imagination never carried him beyond it. He has fallen at the very foot of the altar, covering it with his blood. But his work was done, and the spectacle of a rescued republic was what he could look upon with consolation when his eyes were closing in death. Moreover, he has not

lived for his country alone, since he leaves to everyone in the world to whom liberty and justice are dear, a great remembrance and a pure example."

When, in a log cabin in Kentucky, a hundred years ago this day, that child was born who was named after his grandfather killed by the Indians, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon I swayed Europe, Jefferson was President of the United States, and the second war of independence had not yet come to pass. It seems all very remote. But the memory of the great man whom we try to honor today is as fresh in everybody's mind as if he had only just left us. "It is," says Plutarch, "the fortune of all good men that their virtue rises in glory after their death, and that the envy which any evil man may have conceived against them never survives the envious." Such was the fate of Abraham Lincoln.

JUDGE HUMPHREY

Introducing the British Ambassador

There is a nation which governs one acre in five of the territory of the earth and one person in five of the population of the world. It is developed out of Briton and Phoenician and Roman and Saxon and Dane and Norman. Amid the shifting sands of government it stands as a rock of empire. A people governed not by a written constitution but by a working, worldly wisdom; where efficient results of government are accompanied with the least machinery of government; where there is order without despotism and liberty without license; where lynch law is unknown; where justice is certain and as prompt as certain.

One of the most gifted sons of Great Britain honors us with his presence tonight. So surely has he a fixed place in the intellectual world, that students of modern political systems look to him as master and guide. So wisely has he written of our own political institutions that

American scholars sit at his feet and drink in the learning of his noble mind. He is the ripened fruit of centuries of Anglo-Saxon progress.

I have the pleasure of presenting His Excellency, The Right Honorable James Bryce, The British Ambassador.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Some Reflections on the Character and Career of Lincoln

You are met to commemorate a great man, one of your greatest, great in what he did, even greater in what he was. One hundred years have passed since in a lowly hut in the bordering state of Kentucky this child of obscure and unlettered parents was born into a country then still wild and thinly peopled. Three other famous men were born in that same year in England: Alfred Tennyson, the most gifted poet who has used our language since Wordsworth died; William Gladstone, the most powerful, versatile and high-minded statesman of the last two generations in Britain, and Charles Darwin, the greatest naturalist since Linnaeus, and chief among the famous scientific discoverers of the nineteenth century. It was a wonderful year, and one who knew these three illustrious Englishmen whom I have named is tempted to speak of them and compare and con-

trast each one of them with that illustrious contemporary of theirs whose memory we are met to honor. He quitted this world long before them but with a record to which a long life could scarcely have added any further lustre.

Of the personal impression he made on those who knew him, you will hear from some of the few yet living who can recollect him. All I can contribute is a reminiscence of what reached us in England. I was an undergraduate student in the University of Oxford when the civil war broke out. Well do I remember the surprise when the Republican national convention nominated him as candidate for the Presidency, for it had been expected that the choice would fall upon William H. Seward. I recollect how it slowly dawned upon Europeans in 1862 and 1863 that the President could be no ordinary man, because he never seemed cast down by the reverses which befell his armies; because he never let himself be hurried into premature action nor feared to take so bold a step as the Emancipation Proclamation was when he saw that the time had arrived. And above all I remember the shock of awe and grief which thrilled all Britain when the news came that he had perished by the bullet

of an assassin. There have been not a few murders of the heads of states in our time, but none smote us with such horror and such pity as the death of this great, strong and merciful man in the moment when his long and patient efforts had been crowned with victory and peace had just begun to shed her rays over a land laid waste by the march of armies.

We in England already felt then that a great as well as a good man had departed, though it remained for later years to enable us all (both you here and we in the other hemisphere) fully to appreciate his greatness. Both among you and with us his fame has continued to rise till he has now become one of the grandest figures whom America has given to world history to be a glory first of this country, then also of mankind.

A man may be great by intellect or by character or by both. The highest men are great by both; and of these was Abraham Lincoln. Endowed with powers that were solid rather than shining, he was not what is called a brilliant man. Perhaps the want of instruction and stimulation during his early life prevented his naturally vigorous mind from learning how to work nimbly. The disadvantages of his boyhood, the want of books and

teachers, were so met and overcome by his love of knowledge and his strenuous will that he drew strength from them. Thoughtfulness and intensity, the capacity to reflect steadily and patiently on a problem till it has been solved is one of the two most distinct impressions which one gets from that strong, rugged face with its furrowed brow and deep-set eyes.

The other impression is that of unshaken and unshakable resolution. Slow in reaching a decision he held fearlessly to it when he had reached it. He had not merely physical courage and that in ample measure, but the rarer quality of being willing to face misconception and unpopularity. It was his dauntless courage and his clear thinking that fitted Lincoln to be the pilot who brought your ship through the wildest tempest that ever broke upon her.

Three points should not be forgotten which, if they do not add to Lincoln's greatness, make it more attractive. One is the fact that he rose all unaided to the pinnacle of power and responsibility. Rarely indeed has it happened in history, hardly at all could it have happened in the last century outside America, that one born in poverty, with no

help throughout his youth from intercourse with educated people, with no friend to back him except those whom the impression of his own personality brought round him, should so rise. A second is the gentleness of his heart. He who has to refuse every hour requests from those whom a private person would have been glad to indulge, he who has to punish those whom a private person would pity and pardon, can seldom retain either tenderness or patience. But Lincoln's tenderness and patience were inexhaustible.

It is often said that every great man is unscrupulous, and doubtless most of those to whom usage has attached the title have been so. To preserve truthfulness and conscientiousness appears scarcely possible in the stress of life where immense issues seem to make it necessary and therefore make it right to toss aside the ordinary rules of conduct in order to secure the end desired. To Abraham Lincoln, however, truthfulness and conscientiousness remained the rule of life. He felt and owned his responsibility not only to the people but to a higher power. Few men have so stainless a record.

To you, men of Illinois, Lincoln is the most famous and worthy of all those who have adorned your commonwealth. To you, citizens of the United States, he is the president who carried you through a terrible conflict and saved the Union. To us in England he is one of the heroes of the race whence you and we spring. We honor his memory as you do, and it is fitting that one who is privileged here to represent the land from which his forefathers came should bring on behalf of England a tribute of admiration for him and of thankfulness to the Providence which gave him to you in your hour of need.

Great men are the noblest possession of a nation and are potent forces in the moulding of national character. Their influence lives after them and, if they be good as well as great, they remain as beacons lighting the course of all who follow them. They set for succeeding generations the standards of the youth who seek to emulate their virtues in the service of the country. Thus did the memory of George Washington stir and rouse Lincoln himself. Thus will the memory of Lincoln live and endure among you, gathering reverence from age to age, the memory of one who saved your republic

by his wisdom, his constancy, his faith in the people and in freedom; the memory of a plain and simple man, yet crowned with the knightly virtues of truthfulness, honor and courage.

JUDGE HUMPHREY

Introducing Mr. Bryan

An eminent American, whose words have repeatedly touched the hearts and moved the minds of the people of the land, should need no introduction at my hands. Primarily he belongs to Illinois; sister states or the nation may adopt him, but to us he will ever be hailed as a son of Illinois. With a generous pride in the achievements he has wrought; with a full recognition of the purity of his private life which makes him an example for the youth of the land; with a love which the zeal of party politics can never destroy, let us say to him tonight, welcome home, Mr. Bryan!

HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

The Art of Government

I appreciate this cordial welcome to the State of my birth. I am glad that there is an interim between campaigns when we can forget the animosities aroused by party strife and come face to face with the fact that the things that we hold in common are more numerous and more important than our political differences.

In a country where parties govern and where people act through parties, we are apt to over-estimate the importance of the questions upon which we divide and under-estimate the enduring qualities that underlie all parties and unite us in a common citizenship.

I appreciate the more than generous words that have been spoken in presenting me to you and I appreciate the splendid opportunity that this occasion has given us to hear from the representatives of foreign lands. I think Great Britain and France have paid our country a high compliment

in sending as their representatives two such men as those to whom we have listened. A compliment, I say, those nations have paid us in sending us representatives who stand upon their own merits and accomplishments and need no high titles to command universal respect and admiration.

I am glad we live in a day when nations can be friendly to each other, and each bid all others God speed, for we have reached the day when we understand that as the citizen can wish well to every other citizen, that as the citizen can recognize that his own good is best promoted by the highest development of all about him, so each nation can recognize that its welfare is not impeded but advanced by the advancement of all the other nations.

I am glad we have reached the day when nations do not look upon each other with envious eye or begrudge each other any great success; when the rivalry is not to see which can do the other harm but to see which can hold highest the light that guides all to higher ground.

The subject that I have selected for this evening is really too large a subject for an occasion of this kind, and you must not expect my speech to have

a length commensurate with the magnitude of the theme; for, coming as I do, after the speech of the toastmaster, after the speeches of the ambassadors from Great Britain and France, coming as I do before one to whom you will listen with delight, I cannot violate the proprieties of the occasion by a speech of any considerable length; but it seems to me that at this time it is fitting to submit just a few words on The Royal Art of Government, for it has been so described and fitly described.

The art of government is not only the art in which kings have sought to manifest their ability, but it is the art that comes into closest and most constant contact with the citizen, and I might give you two reasons for selecting that subject for tonight; first, because Lincoln illustrates, as few men in history have illustrated, the possibilities of our government and the stimulus to greatness that a republic can give; and the second is that Lincoln was an artist in the art of government, and possessed as few men in high position have ever possessed, all of the qualities that tend to fit one for the exalted work of a chief executive.

Let me briefly enumerate some of these qualities. He had a sense of responsibility—no man more so.

The relation between himself and his God was one clearly defined in his own mind. He recognized that to that Supreme Being he was responsible for every thought and word and act.

There is a world of difference between the man who is trying to conform to an opinion about him, and the man who is trying to approximate his living to a high standard—a world of difference between the man who is trying to do right when he thinks the people are looking at him, and the man who tries to do right because he believes the eye of God is ever upon him.

The man who is trying to do right when he thinks people are watching, will find a time, sometimes, when he thinks the people are not looking, and then he takes a vacation and falls. I believe that one of the reasons why Lincoln lived his life without a fall was that he was not watching the people around him, but acted in the belief that he was watched by One who never sleeps.

Another quality—Lincoln used self-control. The man who would govern others must first govern himself; and when he has learned to govern himself, he has taken the next step toward meeting the responsibilities of high positions. “He that ruleth

his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;” and Lincoln was the undisputed ruler of himself and of his own spirit.

He had humility. Few men so great have been so humble as he. Humility is a hard virtue to cultivate. If a man has great wealth, he is apt to be proud of his wealth. If he has great learning, he is likely to be proud of his learning. If he has distinguished ancestry, he is quite sure to be proud of his pedigree, and someone has said that humility is so difficult a virtue to cultivate that, if one really becomes humble, he is soon proud of his humility! But Lincoln’s favorite poem was “Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?”

Lincoln understood how little of any man’s greatness is really a self-made greatness. Lincoln understood, as few have understood, how much we owe to those who have gone before us, and to those about us.

Who will measure our obligation to those who laid foundations for our Republic! Who will measure our obligation to those who surrounded us with the privileges that we enjoy! When we come to analyze our accomplishments, we find that that which can be properly traced to ourselves is infin-

itesimal, while that which is traceable to the influence that others have exerted upon us is immeasurable.

Lincoln had courage. As has been well said by the distinguished ambassador from Great Britain, Lincoln had moral courage. The world recognizes the courage of the man who walks up to the mouth of the cannon and without wavering gives his life on his country's altar. I say to you, my friends, that man shares physical courage with the beast, but he shares moral courage with Him in whose image he was made.

Lincoln had the courage to face any kind of opposition, to meet any kind of criticism, to disregard any kind of ridicule. And why? Because he had another virtue. He had faith. If you tell me that "works are more important than faith," I tell you that there are no works until there is first a faith to inspire the works.

Only those who believe do great things; and Lincoln believed. Lincoln had patience, and only those who have faith have patience; only those who can see that there is a triumph coming have the patience to wait until it comes. Aye, Lincoln needed patience, as everyone in such a position as

he occupied needs patience. There were around him men who could not wait, men who wanted to see today the thing for which they longed and worked; but Lincoln knew that it took time to accomplish great things. He had patience, the patience that the parent has who watches the growing child, knowing that no anxiety or solicitude can hasten that child's development; the patience of one who plants a tree and knows that, if it is to be a sturdy tree, it must take years in its growth and development.

Lincoln had fidelity. He was faithful. The people knew they could trust him, because his fidelity stood out and shone out, and embraced all who came into contact with him; and then Lincoln had an understanding of the development of governments and civilization. In that immortal utterance at Gettysburg he spoke of the unfinished work to which those present should consecrate themselves. He knew that every generation leaves an unfinished work, that every generation finds the work incomplete when it comes, and, labor as it will, leaves it still unfinished when it departs.

I might have justified my description of the art of government by reference to these qualities that

Lincoln possessed, but my purpose was a different one. I desired, rather, briefly to trace the growth and development of this royal art. When Solomon found the responsibilities of government resting upon him, he gave utterance to that prayer that has come down through the ages, "Give me wisdom that I may govern my people aright." My friends, there have been changes since then, and the prayer today would be a little different from the prayer in Solomon's day; for, with the growth of intelligence, with the rise of the spirit of democracy, the definition of leadership has undergone a change.

The aristocratic definition of leadership is that the leader thinks for the people. The democratic definition of leadership is that the leader thinks with the people, and Lincoln illustrated the new definition of leadership. As the representative of the people, he acted for them, doing, as their representative, what they would have him to do; but Lincoln's hold upon the people was due to the fact that he never assumed to think for them. He was content to think with them on the questions that affected the government and their welfare.

In college I learned that there were three kinds of government, the monarchy, the aristocracy and

the democracy. I learned that the monarchy was the strongest, the aristocracy the wisest, and the democracy the most just. I have had some time to think upon this subject since I received my diploma but I still adhere to a part of that. I believe that the democracy is the most just but I do not believe that the aristocracy is the wisest or that the monarchy is the strongest. A government that draws upon the wisdom of all the people is wiser than the government that rests upon the wisdom of a few of the people, and a monarchy, while it may act more quickly upon a given point or subject, is not the strongest. I prefer to believe with the great historian Bancroft that the republic is in truth the strongest of governments because, disregarding the implements of terror, it dares to build its citadel in the hearts of men. The heart after all is the most secure foundation upon which a nation's strength can be built. Pericles, in his great funeral oration, described the greatness of his country and then he said: "It was for these, then, rather than to have that taken from them, to die fighting in its behalf, and that their survivors may well be willing to suffer for our country."

When a government is just and the people love it, they will die that its blessings may be transmitted to their children and their children's children. This idea of government, this democratic idea of government, is the growing idea.

My friends, if anyone has ever doubted that the ideas of government which characterize our country are the growing ideas, let him but examine recent history. Within five years China, the sleeping giant of the Orient, has sent envoys throughout the world to secure information for the formation of a constitution.

Within five years Russia, the synonym for despotism, has been compelled to recognize the right of the people to a voice in their government, and you have seen a douma established there. It is not what we would like or what we would have in this country, but it is a long step in advance; and, my friends, no one can watch the struggles through which those people have passed, without believing that it is only a question of time when they are going to have constitutional government and freedom of speech and freedom of the press and freedom of conscience and universal education; and when this time comes, as come it will, Russia will

take her place among the great nations of the world; for people who are willing to die for liberty as her people have died, have in them the material of which great nations are made.

You may go through the nations of the world, and you will find that in every one there are issues upon which depend the further progress of democratic institutions.

Go into France, the democracy represented by our distinguished guest tonight, and you will find that while in their suffrage they have already reached their limit, while their government is already responsive to the will of the people, they are practically working out their problems. They are increasing the intelligence of their people, adding to the number of schools, increasing the attendance at the schools, and what is also important they are seeking to increase the number of home owners and are doing it, believing that when a man owns his home he is a better citizen than if he is merely a tenant and can be thrown out at will by someone else.

In Great Britain, where they have already solved so many problems, and where, in spite of their monarchial form, they recognize so large a power

in the people to direct their government, there is a growing sentiment against the exercise by the House of Lords of any power to thwart, finally, the will of the people expressed at the polls.

And so you can take up every nation, and you will find the sentiment in favor of democracy spreading. You will find, everywhere, governments becoming more popular. You will find, everywhere, the people getting a larger control of their own government; and, if it would not take me into partisan politics, I might easily show that in our own country we have no exception to the rule, but that back of all parties in this country there is a democratic spirit that is forcing, step by step, more complete control of the government by the people who live under the government.

My friends, just one other thought in the development of this subject. There was a time when might meant right and when physical strength was the controlling factor in government. With increasing intelligence, the power of the muscle and the influence of the strong arm decreased and the influence of the brain increased. It was a step in advance, a great step in advance; but the brain is not the largest element in man, and following close

upon the supremacy of the mind above the arm, has come the supremacy of the heart over the brain.

Carlyle, in his closing chapters on the French Revolution, presents the relation of these three factors. He said that thought is stronger than artillery park, and moulds the world like soft clay and that back of thought is love; that there never was a great mind that did not have back of it a generous heart.

And so, my friends, I believe that we are making progress in the direction of a larger heart control, and that the greatness of Lincoln, like the greatness of his prototype, Jefferson, was due more to his heart than to his head. His heart was large enough to take in all mankind, and he was one of the earlier apostles of the doctrine of human liberty that is spreading throughout the world.

About fourteen years ago a great Frenchman, Dumas, wrote a letter in which he said that we were on the eve of a new era, when mankind was to be seized with a passion of love, and when men were to understand their relations to each other. Two years afterwards Tolstoi, in his secluded home in

the heart of Russia, Tolstoi who has never been outside of the confines of his own country for more than fifty years, Tolstoi clad in the garb of the peasant, and living the life of the peasant and preaching out to all the world the philosophy that rests upon the doctrine, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself," Tolstoi read the letter of Dumas and gave it his endorsement.

We see signs of it in this country and everywhere, and with that great doctrine of liberty we shall find the nations knit more closely together. We shall find our own people working more harmoniously together, and we shall find people asking, not "What can we do?" but "What ought we to do?" and giving to ethics a paramount place in the calculations of individuals and nations.

My friends, Lincoln was a representative of the latest development of the art of government, for Lincoln rested his hope and built his faith upon the hearts of men.

I am glad that we live in this latter day when the might of the brute is disappearing, when the cunning of the brain is no longer commanding the highest praise, when the characteristics of the

heart are demanding a consideration that they have never demanded before; and on this occasion, when we meet to speak the name of Lincoln, it is a fitting time to raise our hearts in gratitude, that he was one of the first and one of the greatest of those artists in the “Royal Art of Government” to recognize the heart’s place in shaping the destiny of man and the history of a nation.

JUDGE HUMPHREY

Introducing Senator Dolliver

A score of years ago a new star appeared in the firmament of the Mississippi valley. The people of Iowa saw this man adorning the public forum and the sanctuaries of justice and they bade him go and grace somewhat the rougher walks of political life. They found him worthy to be the colleague of the late Senator Allison. Since that time his star has been ever in the ascendant and the nation recognizes the added strength and wisdom which he brings to that great deliberative body, the Senate of the United States. Always a welcome visitor to Illinois, where his voice on other occasions has been frequently heard, we give him special welcome tonight as one worthy to voice an estimate of the greatest American the country has ever produced.

I have pleasure in presenting the distinguished orator and statesman, the Honorable, aye, the Honorable Jonathan P. Dolliver, senator from Iowa.

SENATOR DOLLIVER

Our Heroic Age

I find a very great pleasure in sitting down with you at these tables, spread with the luxuries and the necessities of life. I thank my friend, the toastmaster, for the very kind expression with which he has introduced me, although I am bound to say that I have a distinct impression that, without intending it, he has given me an advertisement that is likely to do me more harm than good, for I make no pretense whatever either as an orator or as a statesman. I am a plain country politician, of a kind very numerous here in Illinois, although I think I agree with you in believing that there is mighty little difference between a politician and a statesman.

I have had a little trouble to find out what I am expected to speak about in order to beguile the midnight dispositions of the patriots who remain around these banquet tables. While I have had a little difficulty to find out what I am expected to

talk about, I have had several intimations that there are some subjects that might be irritating if I introduced them on an occasion like this. It has been delicately suggested to me that the campaign in Illinois, (I do not mean the primary campaign, but the ordinary political campaign) is over, and that these tables are dedicated to an atmosphere of pure patriotism without any partisan bias; and I am mighty glad of it, because I have lived in the atmosphere of party politics so long, I have been compelled to talk politics so much myself, and what is even worse I have been compelled to listen to so many other people talking, that I have reached, so far as those matters are concerned, a point of saturation, resembling somewhat the case of the young lady who had spent the summer at Narragansett Pier. She said that she had eaten so many clams that she rose and fell with the tide.

It is not that I have anything against it, but simply that, like everybody else, I have had enough of it for the time being.

I have listened with an unalloyed pleasure to the magnificent speeches with which this banquet has been made famous and memorable in Illinois and, I believe, throughout the United States. I was

especially interested in the profound observations of the philosophy of government and of life which have been given to us by the distinguished statesman and orator who has just taken his seat, and I was glad to hear him. I regard him as an institution in the United States. He has chosen the better part, and has given over his life to meditation upon the administration of the government of the United States and no man, in my judgment, has rendered a larger or a better service in the formation of a public opinion in the interest of our institutions than our distinguished orator and friend and guest.

There are two little groups of people whose coming into this chamber have touched my heart. One of them sits yonder in the balcony, the Daughters of the American Revolution. There is one thing about them that the public ought to understand. We are here in our little way trying to preserve and helping to perpetuate the memory of Abraham Lincoln; but Abraham Lincoln needs none of our help to make his memory immortal in the ages of the world. These young women are doing a finer thing, even, than that. They are perpetuating the unknown heroism, the unrecorded service, of the

men who, in the foundation of our institutions gave their lives, with willing hearts, to the defense of public liberty. They do not ask, even, that a man should be regarded as a hero. If only he was willing for the sacrifice, it is their business to hand his name, however lowly, to other generations.

And yonder in the gallery sits a little group of veterans who, after all, made the services of Abraham Lincoln possible in the dark days of the civil war.

We have heard from the lips of the English Ambassador that a great name, a great man, is the chief possession of a people; but there can be no great name, no great man, unless there is behind him a great cause and a great people.

Abraham Lincoln illustrates the life of sixty years ago. We do well to hang up his picture. I have seen it in every city that I have passed through, in Washington in every window, in Pittsburgh in every window, in Cincinnati and here at the old homestead in Springfield. We do well to teach our children what the life means, and to let that kindly benignant face shine from our walls,

that the young people of the United States, coming to responsibility, may be educated in all the allegiance of patriotism and of liberty.

We have, in the United States, within the lifetime of many who sit around these tables, a national experience which elevated the republic to a level never before known in the history of our institutions. There had been a dark period behind it when nobody knew whether the government of the United States was going to last another ten years or not.

It is a curious thing that this government was eighty years old before it produced a statesman who could stand up, at the dinner table or anywhere else, and tell his countrymen that the institutions of America would last out their lifetime. Even our greatest statesmen were in the dark. Daniel Webster said, in his greatest speech, "God grant that upon my vision that curtain may not rise." "Finally," said Henry Clay, "I implore, as the best blessing that Heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the nation shall happen, I may not be spared to behold the heart-rending spectacle."

These men, great as they were, in their day and time did not dare to trust themselves to look into the future. It remained for a later and, in my judgment, a better generation to view without despair the chaos of civil strife, to walk into it, to fight the way of the nation through it, to lift up a spotless flag above it and, in the midst of the flame and the smoke of battle, to create the nation of America. That was our heroic age, and out of it came forth our ideal heroes, Lincoln and the statesmen who stood by his side; Grant and the great soldiers who obeyed his orders; and behind them both the countless hosts of that Grand Army of the Republic through whose illustrious sacrifice of blood our weary and heavy-laden centuries have been redeemed.

You have built here a monument, strong and beautiful, which is to bear the name and perpetuate the service of Abraham Lincoln. We are about to build, at our capital yonder at Washington, a national monument that will in some dim kind of way illustrate our opinion of the service of this man; and when we get it built we will not put upon it any image of his person. It will not need any such memorial for it will be, as Victor Hugo said of the

column of Waterloo to be dedicated to the memory of the Duke of Wellington—it will bear up not the figure of a man, for it will be the statue of a people, the memorial of a great nation.

And so his centennial has put into the hearts and into the minds of unnumbered millions this fame which has grown in this half century until it has become the chiefest possession of the American people, and the most precious heritage that will be passed on to the generations that are to come.

SENATOR CULLOM

A Letter of Regret

United States Senate,

Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1909.

Hon. J Otis Humphrey, President Lincoln Centennial Association, Springfield, Ill.:

MY DEAR JUDGE—It is a matter of sincere regret to me that I am unable to be present at your great anniversary celebration of the birth of the immortal Lincoln and to welcome to my home city the ambassadors of Great Britain and France and the distinguished guests who are to be with you.

Abraham Lincoln, greatest of Americans, greatest of men, emancipator, martyr, his service to his country has not been equaled by any American citizen, not even by Washington. His name and life have been an inspiration to me from my earliest recollection.

On this one hundredth anniversary of his birth the people, without regard to creed, color, condition or section, in all parts of this union which he saved,

are striving to do honor to his memory. No American has ever before received such deserved universal praise. Not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world, Abraham Lincoln is regarded as one of the few, the very few, truly great men in history. His memory is as fresh today in the minds and hearts of the people as it was forty years ago, and the passing years only add to his fame and serve to give us a truer conception of his noble character. The events of his life, his words of wisdom, have been gathered together in countless volumes, to be treasured up and handed down to generations yet to come.

I knew him intimately in Springfield; I heard him utter his simple farewell to his friends and neighbors when he departed to assume a task greater than any President had been called upon to assume in our history; it was my sad duty to accompany his mortal remains from the capital of the nation to the capital of Illinois, and as I gazed upon his face the last time, I thanked God that it had been my privilege to know him as a friend, and I felt then, as I more fully realize now, that the good he had done would live through all the ages to bless the world.

Springfield, his only real home, the scene of his great political triumphs, was his fitting resting place. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to his shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism.

Again expressing regret that I cannot be with you to take part in honoring the memory of our greatest President on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, and feeling sure that the Springfield celebration will be the most notable of all, as it should be, I remain

Sincerely yours,
S. M. CULLOM.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

A Letter of Regret

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama,

February 9, 1909.

Mr. James R. B. Van Cleave, Secretary Publicity Committee, Lincoln Centennial Association Springfield, Ill.:

MY DEAR SIR—It is a matter of keen regret to me that, owing to a long standing promise to speak in New York on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, I find myself unable to accept your generous invitation to speak in his home city on that day. There is no spot in America where it would have given me greater satisfaction to have spoken my word than in Springfield—the city that he loved and the city where his body rests.

There are many lessons which can and will be drawn from the life of our great hero, but there is one above all others at this moment that I deem

fitting to call attention to on this occasion. Among other reasons, I do so because of recent occurrences in the city of Lincoln's adoption.

When Lincoln freed my race there were four millions. Now there are ten millions. Naturally more and more this increase means that they will scatter themselves through the country, north as well as south. A large element already is in the north. If my race would honor the memory of Lincoln and exhibit their gratitude for what he did, it can do so in no more fitting manner than by putting into daily practice the lessons of his own life. Mr. Lincoln was a simple, humble man, yet a great man. Great men are always simple. No matter where members of my race reside, we should resolve from this day forward that we will lead sober, industrious, frugal, moral lives, and that while being ambitious we shall at the same time be patient, law-abiding and self-controlled as Lincoln was. These are the elements that will win success and respect, no matter where we live. Every member of my race who does not work, who leads an immoral life, dishonors the memory and the name of

Lincoln. Every one, on the other hand, who leads a law-abiding, sober life is justifying the faith which the sainted Lincoln placed in us.

In every part of this country I want to see my race live such high and useful lives that they will not be merely tolerated, but that they shall actually be needed and wanted because of their usefulness in the community. The loafer, the man who tries to live by his wits, is never wanted anywhere.

Many white people in the north who are now honoring the memory of Lincoln are coming into contact with the race Lincoln freed for the first time. I have spoken of the patience and self control needed on the part of my race. With equal emphasis I wish to add that no man who hallows the name of Lincoln will inflict injustice upon the negro because he is a negro or because he is weak. Every act of injustice, of law-breaking, growing out of the presence of the negro, seeks to pull down the great temple of justice and law and order which he gave his life to make secure. Lawlessness that begins when a weak race is the victim grows by what it feeds upon and spreads until it includes all

races. It is easy for a strong man or a strong race to kick down a weak man or a weak race. It is ignoble to kick down; it is noble to lift up as Lincoln sought to do all through his life. Just in the degree that both races, while we are passing through this crucial period, exhibit the high qualities of self-control and liberality which Lincoln exhibited in his own life, will we show that in reality we love and honor his name, and both races will be lifted into a high atmosphere of service to each other.

Yours truly,

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

CHARLES HENRY BUTLER

Our Leader; a Poem

Fair stretched the land, East, West, from sea to sea;
North, South from Lakes to Gulf; we called it free.
And, proudly in our ballads, oft had sung
Of how our freedom we had bravely wrung
From tyrant King; fair were its prospects too
And bright; nor could the wealth the Indies knew,
Even when fabled Kublai Khan was there,
Nor yet Pactolus' golden tide, compare
With boundless stream that, ever constant, poured
Into the lap of industry its hoard
Of treasure; as though forest, mine and field
Each with the other vied the greatest wealth to yield.

God-fearing too, the people of this land
Their churches grandly reared on every hand
And worshipped Him who taught us when we pray,
"Thy Kingdom come upon this earth," to say.

To its fair shores there came, across the sea,
The weary peasant, yearning to be free
From serfdom's toil; and there he sought, and found,
The right to till, and call his own, the ground
And fruit it yielded to his care. There came,
Beside, the patriot burning with the shame

Of thought, in his own land not merit told
But only rank, and noble birth, and gold;
While in the young republic of the West,
He hoped, and found, true merit was the test.

Surely than this no land more blessed could be,
Surely in land like this all must be free!
Not so; in market place men bought and sold
Their fellow-men, and bartered souls for gold;
It matters not how blessed, how good, how fair
Be land or people, if the curse is there
Of slavery, it will cast its blight
O'er all that elsewhere would be bright.

Not over all the land this curse had spread,
Not yet throughout the land was conscience dead;
But still to blame is every one who tries
Not to strike evil dead, but compromise
With it; so, not upon a few, but all,
The blame and burden of that curse must fall.
Too late 'tis now to try to cast the blame
On either side; no longer fan that flame
Or further fuel feed; but let it die,
And with it all the animosity
That once so hotly burned. Is not this true—
One did but what the other let it do;
Till, past all bounds, the evil grew so much
It held the country in its death-like clutch?

How loose that clutch? How could the tide be stemmed,
By which, not stemmed, the land were overwhelmed?
Ah! many men were brave to death, and tried
To loose those bonds and check that rising tide.

Honor to all our brave we gladly pay,
But more than all to him, who on this day
Was born a century ago, and who,
As leader unsurpassed, his people through
The darksome valley of the shades of death
Led back to light and life; and then, himself,
Fell at the foot of the altar he had reared
To Freedom's God, dead—but his name revered,
And loved forever, as the most sublime
Of patriot martyrs on the roll of time.

Dark were the clouds that o'er the country hung,
Wild were the threats that 'cross the line were flung,
Men trembled, women wept, all were dismayed;
And Peace, in our time, oh, Lord, some prayed,
Hoping, in compromise, to find a way
To limit, not to end, the plague; to stay
Its further progress; as though slaves could be
In part of land, while elsewhere all were free.

Oh, for a leader! others prayed. God heard
And answered; from the West a voice that stirred
The hearts of all was heard throughout the length
And breadth of this whole land. Its tones of strength
Proclaimed the voice of leader when he bade
Them heed these words that could not be gainsaid:
Not half for slave, and other half for free,
Can this, nor yet another, country be;
No house divided 'gainst itself can stand,
And what is true of house is true of land.
In withering tones he spoke of slaving toil
That tilled, while others ate, the fruit of soil;
Not by the sweat of other's brow shalt earn thy bread

But by thine own, the Holy Writ hath said.
Truth! And the people—sick of lies—replied
“Our Leader!”—and he led them till he died.
And still he leads us, for the truth ne'er dies,
“Our Leader still!” Each honest heart replies.
Behold his portrait, gaze upon his face,
Seek not therein to find soft shades of grace;
In rugged lines which in that face appear
Sorrow there is and care, but not one trace of fear;
And back of all—and in that eye, indeed—
What wealth and depth of character we read!
Look where we will, not elsewhere shall we find
Such courage, strength and truth with tenderness combined.

His was the vision that so plainly saw
Not only what all others saw—the flaw—
But also that the flaw would surely spread
Until the whole fabric would be dead,
Unless the fearful, ugly thing were cut;
—Nor cared how deep in flesh the knife were put,
Tho' even close to heart of that which he most loved,
If but the wicked spot could be removed—
But oh, to him how deep the pain, that he
The one to wield that almost fatal knife must be.

His was the genius that knew how to act
And when—yet so combined with skill and tact,
And nameless charm of humor he was known
To use so well in manner all his own—
That through a crisis, such as ne'er before
Had ever threatened State in peace or war,
He guided it, and shaped its course so well,
That it was saved at last; and, when he fell

Pierced by a bullet from assassin hand,
Not one part only, but the whole wide land,
Cursed the foul deed, and grieved that it had lost
Him who to heal its wounds had done the most;
His was the patience, that with faith combined,
Enabled him in darkest hour to find
Hope for the future, and that all would see
At last the country—reunited—free.

His faith was that which bade him call upon
The Being most Divine—the God of Washington.
He knew with that aid he would not fail
And that without it he could not prevail.

Yes, when nearly all was nearly o'er,
And looking back on four long years of war,
Could calmly say, with charity toward all
And malice none, in words we all recall;
That still the everlasting judgments of the Lord
Through all the long resounding ages of the world,
Whether three thousand years ago, or whether
Rendered today, are true and righteous altogether.
He came to earth and here his task fulfilled;
He nobly did the work his Master willed
Him here to do; and when he died 'twas known
Earth's noblest spirit back to Heaven had flown.

Though storied urn, nor animated bust
The fleeting breath has ne'er recalled; though dust,
When silent, honor's voice cannot provoke,
Nor yet can soothing flattery invoke
The dull, cold ear of death; still can we not
Erect some monument upon some spot

That ever in the hearts of all, Our Leader great
Will honor, and his fame perpetuate;
Once on a field that red with patriot blood
A year before that time had run, he stood
And uttered to the throng assembled there
Those words, with which no other words compare
Not uttered by a voice divine. He said,
While dedicating to the noble dead
The spot whereon they died: "It is too late
For us to hallow, or to consecrate
This field; that has been done; it is for us—
The living—to be dedicated here, and thus
To make the high resolve that those who gave
Devotion's fullest measure here to save
The Nation's life shall not in vain have died."
Cannot that thought to him be now applied?
If to Our Leader we would now erect
A fitting monument, let each select
In his own heart, some high resolve to make,
And then fulfill it for that leader's sake;
And, if in such a monument, each one
Of us, today, would set a single stone,
'Twould higher be, more stately and more grand
Than any ever built in any land
To any hero; it would nobly rise
Until its lofty apex reached the skies,
And to Our Leader would the message bring,
That while within our hearts his words still ring,
This Nation under God shall have new birth
Of freedom; nor shall perish from the earth
This Government that of the people, by
And for the people is; Thus let us try

To prove—nor count the cost of time or pain—
The noblest dead shall not have died in vain.

Ask ye what that resolve shall be? Look right
Or left, for all the fields are harvest white.

Are there no slaves to be set free today?
No great remaining tasks to which we may
Now dedicate ourselves? may we not help to free
This country from those forms of slavery
That know no color line—the greed of wealth
And lust for power—aggrandizement of self—
That hold in thraldom many of our best
And steep in envy nearly all the rest?

Fairer and brighter is this land today
Than it has ever been before; and may
It ever fairer, better, brighter grow.
Surely no land more blest than this, below
Heaven's high dome can ever be. And so
As would Our Leader let us bravely strike
These shackles off; and strike them not alone
From others' limbs; but strike them from our own.

Are there no other slaves who sorely need
Some one to loose their bonds? There are, indeed.
Do ye not hear the children's bitter cry
As in the mills and mines their tasks they ply?
They, who should cheer the household through the day
Are taught to work before they learn to play.
Shame on the land of which it may be said
That parents eat, while children earn, the bread.

If he were here would not Our Leader be
In foremost rank to set the children free,
And onward lead us in the great crusade
Of right 'gainst wrong which ever should be made?
Then let us make them for Our Leader's sake.
What nobler tasks can our devotion claim
Than these? Then let us do them in his name.

AT THE TABERNACLE

At 2:30 in the afternoon an audience of 10,000 people were assembled at the Tabernacle where addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jusserand, Bryce, Dolliver and Bryan. Governor Deneen presided at the meeting. The addresses together with the introductory remarks of the Governor are given on the following pages.

GOVERNOR DENEEN

Introducing the French Ambassador

We are met to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Throughout our own land and in many parts of the world men are gathered together at this moment to pay a tribute to his memory. Wherever they have gathered, their thoughts will turn to our state and this spot, which have been glorified by his life and death.

We are exceedingly fortunate, in this his home, to have with us today distinguished representatives from far European countries, and two distinguished sons of our native land. The Committee had arranged for the ambassadors from France and from Great Britain to speak at the banquet tonight but our people were so anxious to have the opportunity to meet them and hear them, and to show the high respect and great love which is had here for their countries, that they have consented to speak briefly this afternoon;

and it is indeed a great pleasure to me to have the honor to introduce to you a diplomat, author and statesman, His Excellency, the Ambassador from France to the United States, the Honorable J. J. Jusserand.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

France's Esteem For Lincoln

YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

It is not only a great but unexpected honor to address you today. I am very proud to be asked, and very happy to address the citizens of this city of Springfield, where the mind of the great man whose memory we delight to honor today, took its definite shape.

It was in Springfield that Lincoln received his first lessons in statesmanship, with what results all the world knows. In this city, which owes much to Lincoln, as it owes to him the honor of being the capital of this great state, that the backwoodsman of years before became the citizen who was to be the leader of men, and who was to be the second grandest President of the United States, the one who holds in the heart of his compatriots the same place as George Washington.

These two great men were related in their life-work. One created the United States and the

other prevented their disruption. When Washington fought for his great task, France stood by him as a friend. When Lincoln fought, you may recall that if France did not send an army, there was at least, under the United States flag, one regiment that was French, that was led by French officers. That was the 55th New York, which wore the red trousers of the French army, and went to Washington singing the Marseillaise.

They went to camp and received the flag they were to carry through the battles and through the war, from Mr. Lincoln, himself. Lincoln came, himself, to present the flag and he had asked the regiment to select their date. They selected a date that was dear to them, and Lincoln came, and to the song of Marseillaise he presented the flag. A man who had been a general in the French army and who was a French citizen, proposed a toast to the nation. He drank to the nation and said, "To the Union to be maintained and to be re-established, but not so soon but that the 55th may have time to show how much they care for it." Lincoln himself replied, "I drink to the 55th

and to the Union, and since the Union cannot, apparently, be re-established until the 55th has had its battle, I drink a speedy battle to the 55th."

That flag was carried through the war and ended gloriously with the regiment, itself, in that awful day at Fredericksburg. At Fredericksburg only the stem was left. When the battle was over the regiment was reduced to two hundred and ten men. It was melted into the very sod, itself! That was the end of the regiment, not of the war. What the end of the war was you know. Lincoln too, met his fate, the fate of a hero such as he; and now his glory fills the world, and everywhere there is only one feeling for him.

In France that feeling was peculiarly keen and great because, in those days, all the liberal Frenchmen were anxious about what took place in America. They all felt that if the American Republic split into two, we had very little chance, in France, ever to have a republic, ourselves. So we followed with beating hearts what happened to Lincoln and prayed with all our earnestness of soul for the re-establishment of that Union which we had loved from its first days.

In Lincoln's day, it was long before he took his rightful place, among the great men of the United States. He had many doubters. There were many scoffers, but now not one is left. Why that great difference? That great difference has been explained admirably by another great American, by Emerson, who said, "You cannot see the mountain near."

GOVERNOR DENEEN

Introducing the English Ambassador

Again it is my pleasure to introduce to you a scholar, author, diplomat, statesman, expounder of the American Constitution, and interpreter of the spirit of the American commonwealth, His Excellency, the Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States.

THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR

Lincoln as One of the People

MR. GOVERNOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CITIZENS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S OWN CITY—I am come to say a very few words to you, in order that I may bear to you the greetings of England, her sympathy with you on this day, and expression of the reverence and honor in which she holds, as you hold, the memory of your immortal President.

Four days ago I had the privilege of delivering to the President of the United States a message of sympathy and a tribute of admiration from King Edward the Seventh and now I want to renew and repeat the substance of that message to you, the people of Springfield.

Ladies and gentlemen, my friend and colleague, the French Ambassador, has just, with perfect truth, compared the position which Abraham Lincoln holds in your history with that which was held by George Washington.

At two great crises of the fate of this republic, Providence gave you two men specially fitted to be leaders and inspirers of the nation. George Washington was not only a great leader in war, but was a wise guide in peace, and it was the impression of his upright and lofty character that held your people together in their hour of need.

When the second great struggle in which the fortunes of your republic were involved came upon you, and the conflict between slavery and its extension, and freedom and its preservation, broke like a storm upon you, you found in Abraham Lincoln the one man who was fitted to meet and to grapple with that awful crisis. I remember how in England those of us who sympathized with the cause of the north, as did the great majority of the English people, did so because we felt it was the cause of humanity and freedom.

I remember how we thought and felt more and more as months and years passed, that Abraham Lincoln was the man whom you needed, because he possessed what was the supreme and essential gift that the country required. He was a man whom the people could trust, because he was the

man who sprung, himself, from the people and understood the people as perhaps no one had ever so thoroughly done before.

It very soon became certain to us who were watching that struggle from the shores of Europe that it could only end in the preservation of the Union; for the people of the north and the west were themselves united and determined to maintain the Union, and that the only chance for those who were trying to divide the Union would have been if there had been faltering and wavering in the minds of the northern and western people. For a time it seemed uncertain whether there might not be that faltering and that wavering, but we saw that there was in your President a man of steadfast will and lofty character, a man whom no reverses could affect and no charges or accusations could turn from his path; and we saw that more and more the heart of the people went out to him, because they felt that he was the true interpreter of their minds.

Ladies and gentlemen, the one essential thing at that moment was that the people should have

someone to hold them together. Lincoln held them together. He held them together because he understood how they felt.

He was a man sprung from among themselves who had come to know the minds and thoughts of the people by living among them as no President had ever done before; and when this crisis came he was the true interpreter to himself of the will and thoughts and hopes of the whole nation, and the people trusted him. They trusted him because they knew that he understood them. They trusted him because they knew that he was one of themselves, who was not apart from them, who was not looking down on them, who was not trying to study them like distant objects, but who was one of themselves and felt as each of them felt, himself. That was his greatness. That was what fitted him to be the man for the moment. He embodied all that was best and highest in people's minds. His life is far more eloquent than any words. Nothing that we can say or do can add to his glory. One of our own poets has said, in an ode which I read the other day, speaking of him:

“For there are lives too large in simple truth,
For aught to limit, or knowledge to gauge,
And there are men so near to God’s own roof
They are the better angels of their age.”

Lincoln’s true memorial is to be found in the legacy of greatness he has given us. You have erected a monument to him here, but the whole United States are his monument, because it is owing to him that the United States still remain one and indivisible.

He was one of those who are a perpetual glory, not merely to the state which sent him to the presidential chair, not merely to the nation which owned him as its wise guide and leader, but also to humanity, because he was one of those in whom the love of humanity, the love of justice and the love of freedom burn with an unquenchable flame.

Ladies and gentlemen, be thankful that in your hour of need Providence gave you such a man, and hold his memory in honor forever.

GOVERNOR DENEEN

Introducing Senator Dolliver

It is my pleasure to present to you next the gifted and eloquent son of our neighboring state, the Honorable Jonathan P. Dolliver, United States Senator of Iowa.

SENATOR DOLLIVER

Lincoln, the Champion of Equal Rights

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is a very great pleasure to me to have the chance of participating with you in this celebration, and I share with you the gratification that the occasion is given more than a national significance by the presence and words here of the ambassador of that nation which befriended our national infancy, and has been our friend ever since the foundation of this republic; and by the presence here and helpful word of that man who has interpreted our institutions to the English speaking world—"Professor Bryce," as we love to call him, Ambassador not alone of the English king and the English government but of the English people to the people of the United States.

The memory which we are trying to celebrate today is too great for any political party, too great to be the heritage of a single nation, too great to be absorbed in the renown of any one

century. The ministry of his life was to all parties, to all nations and to all generations of men.

Yet there is a sense in which it belongs to the American people and a sense still more sacred in which it belongs to you of Illinois and to the city of Springfield, where his life was lived and where his body lies buried. It is for you and your children to care for his fame and to keep his faith.

Within the last half century, this old neighbor of yours, once derided, once despised, once misunderstood and maligned, has been lifted up into the light of universal history where all men and all generations of men may see him and make out, if they can, what manner of man he was.

His life in this world was a very short one, less than three score years, only ten of them visible above the level of these prairies, yet into that brief space were crowded events so stupendous in their ultimate significance that we cannot read the volume which records them without a strange feeling coming over us that maybe, after all, we are not reading about a man, but about some

sublime automatic figure in the hands of the infinite powers, being used to help and to bless the human race.

If we are troubled because we do not understand his life we ought to be encouraged because no previous generation of our people, not even that among which he lived, was able to understand him.

While he lived the air was full of speculation about his purposes and the plans for their execution and until this day men are still guessing about his education, his religion, his faculties, and the intellectual account from which he drew the resources which always seemed equal to his task.

There are some who claim that he was a great lawyer. I do not believe that he was anything of the kind. It is true that he mastered, though not without difficulty, the principles of the common law, and it is also certain that his mind was so normal and complete that he did not require a commentary nor a copy of the "Madison papers," thumb-marked by the doubts and fears of three generations, to understand that the men who made the constitution of the United States were building for eternity. But he practiced law without

a library, and those who practiced with him have said that he was of no account in a lawsuit unless he knew the right was on his side.

It went against his intellectual as well as his moral grain to adopt the epigram of Lord Bacon that it is impossible to tell whether a case be good or bad until a jury has brought in its verdict.

The old judicial circuit about Springfield where he practiced law, where he knew everybody by their first name, and everybody liked to hear him talk as they sat together in the village tavern after the day's work was done, undoubtedly did much for him in many ways.

But the great lawyers who are present in this assembly today will bear me witness that a man who habitually gives his advice away for nothing, who has not the foresight to ask for a retainer, nor the energy to collect a fee after he has earned it, whatever other gifts and graces he may have, is not by nature cut out for a lawyer.

I have talked with a good many of the older men who used to practice with him, and from what they have said to me, I think that the notion was even then slowly forming in his mind that he held a brief, with power of attorney from on High,

for the un-numbered millions of his fellowmen, and was only loitering about the county seats of Illinois until the case came on for trial.

You are to hear in a few moments one of the most eloquent orators who ever spoke the English tongue talk of "Lincoln as an orator;" but if he was such, the standards of the schools, ancient and modern, will have to be thrown away. Perhaps they ought to be, and when they are, this curious circuit-rider of the law, refreshing his companions with wit and wisdom from the well of English undefiled; this champion of civil liberty, confuting Douglas with a remorseless logic cast in phrases rich with the proverbial homely literature of our language; this advocate of the people standing head and shoulders above his brethren, stating their cause at the bar of history in sentences so simple that a child can follow them, such a one, surely, will not be denied a place in the company of the masters who have added something to the triumphs of our mother tongue.

He was dissatisfied with his modest address at Gettysburg, read awkwardly from poorly written manuscript. He turned to Edward Everett and told him that his masterly oration was the best

thing he had ever heard; but Mr. Everett did not need a minute for reflection to make him discern that that little piece of crumpled paper which the President held in his unsteady hand that day would be preserved from generation to generation, after his own laborious utterances had been forgotten. The old school of oratory and the new met that day on the rude platform under the trees among the graves, and congratulated each other. They haven't met very often since, for both of them have been pushed aside to make room for the disclaimer, the essayist, the statisticians and the other peddlers of intellectual wares who have descended like a swarm upon all human deliberations.

There are some who claim that Lincoln was a great statesman. If by that they mean that he was better informed than his contemporaries in the administrative technicalities of our government, or that he was wiser than his day in the creed of the party in whose fellowship he passed his earlier years, there is very little evidence of that at all. The most that can be said is that he clung to the fortunes of the old Whig leadership through evil as well as good report and that he stumped the county and afterward the state; but

the speeches which he made neither he nor anybody else thought it important to preserve. He had a very simple political faith, short and to the point. "I am in favor," said he, "of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff." But while he followed Henry Clay nearly all his lifetime, more like a lover than a disciple, yet when that great popular hero died and Mr. Lincoln was called upon to make an address upon the occasion of his funeral in your old State House, he passed over without a word the whole creed of the party faith, and gave his entire time to that love of liberty and that devotion to the Union which shone even to the end in the superb career of Henry Clay.

Of course he was a statesman; but when you have described him as a statesman, whatever adjectives you use, you have opened no secret of his biography. You have rather marred, it seems to me, the epic grandeur of the drama in which he moved. Of course he was a great statesman. Exactly so, Saul of Tarsus, setting out from Damascus, became a great man. Exactly so, Columbus, inheriting a taste for the sea, developed gradually into a mariner of high repute.

There are some who have made a study more or less profound, of the archives of the rebellion, who have made out of Mr. Lincoln a great military genius, better able than his generals to order the movement of the armies under his command. In my humble opinion there is hardly any evidence of that. He was driven into the war department by the exigency of the times, and if he towered above the ill-fitting uniforms which made their way through one influence and another to positions of brief command during the first campaigns of the civil war, there is no very high praise in that after all.

But there is one thing about him that I have always been interested in. He comprehended the size of the undertaking which the nation had on hand and he kept looking until his eyes were weary for somebody who could master the whole situation and get out of the army what he knew was in it. It broke his heart to see its efforts scattered and thrown away by quarrels among its officers, endless in number, and unintelligible for the most part to the outside world. When he passed the command of the army of the Potomac over to General Hooker, he did it in terms of

reprimand and admonition which read like a father's last warning to a wayward son. He told him that he had wronged his country and wronged his fellow officers, and recalled General Hooker's insubordinate suggestion that the army and the country both needed a dictator. Mr. Lincoln reminded him that only generals who won victories have ever been known to set up dictatorships; and then with a humor grim as death he told him to go on and win military success and he would take all the chances of the dictatorship, himself.

If General Hooker did not tear up his commission when he got that letter, it only shows that he was brave enough to stand upon his naked back the lash of the simple truth.

All this time the President had his eye on a man from the West who appeared to be doing a fairly good military business down in Tennessee, a copious worker and a copious thinker, but a very meager writer, as Mr. Lincoln afterward described him in a telegram to Burnside. He liked this man. Especially he liked the fact that in his plan the advertisement and the event seemed to have some relation to each other. He liked

him also because he never “regretted to report;” and so after Vicksburg had fallen, after the tide of the rebellion had been swept back from the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the President wrote two letters, one to General Meade, holding him to a stern account for his failure to follow up the victory at Gettysburg, and the other to Ulysses S. Grant, ordering him to report at Washington for duty. The letter to General Meade was never sent. You will find it resting quietly in the collection of the writings of Lincoln by Mr. Nicolay, all the fires of its mighty wrath long since gone out, but General Grant managed to get his; and from that hour no more military orders from the White House; no more suggestions about the movement of the army; no more orders to advance. He left it all to him. He did not ask the general to tell him what his plans were. He left it all to him; and as the plan of the great captain began to unfold, gradually, Mr. Lincoln dispatched from the White House a telegram to the headquarters in Virginia in these words, “I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all. A. Lincoln.”

And so these two, each adding something to the other's fame, go down in history together, God's blessing falling like a benediction upon the memory of both.

While Mr. Lincoln lived, even the great men that were nearest to him did not seem to enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance. His lonely isolation, even among the advisors whom he chose to sit in council with him in the administration of the government, has always seemed pathetic; but the letters and papers which have come to light as one by one the actors in those great scenes have passed from the stage, reveal a situation which throws the light of comedy upon the sorrowful experience through which he passed. I reckon that among the greatest intellects our institutions have nurtured was William H. Seward, of New York, the great Secretary of State; and yet the record recently dug up shows that he spent nearly all his time pestering Mr. Lincoln with contradictory pieces of advice, and that he finally prepared a memorandum in his own handwriting, telling what he thought ought to be done, and ending by an accommodating proposal to take the responsibility of the administration off Mr. Lincoln's hands.

I suppose that Salmon P. Chase was one of the greatest men we have ever had in the United States; but if you will pick up the current number of the Scribner's Magazine, you will find there some very curious letters from Mr. Chase, letters that I would be the last man to use for the purpose of belittling him; but I rather like to see them, because it enables us to interpret the size of the man who was standing by his side. "He never consults me. He holds no cabinet meetings," said this full grown minister of finance, prattling like a child.

After the Battle of Bull Run, even so incorruptible a patriot as Edwin M. Stanton, known in after years as the organizer of victory, wrote a letter which you will find in the life of James Buchanan, to the ex-President then quietly residing at his country estate near Washington, at Wheatland, in Pennsylvania, a letter filled with obloquy and contempt for Mr. Lincoln. He said, speaking of the defeat at Bull Run, that it was an unnecessary catastrophe.

"The imbecility of the administration," he said, "culminated in that catastrophe; and irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be for-

gotten are to be added to the ruin of peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five full months."

From the sanctum of the old Tribune, where for a generation Horace Greeley had dominated the intellectual life of the people as no American editor has done before or since his day, there came to the White House a curious letter, a maudlin mixture of enterprise and despair; a despair which after seven sleepless nights had given up the fight; an enterprise characteristic of modern journalism, asking for inside information of the hour of the surrender that was obviously near at hand. "You are not considered a very great man," said Mr. Greeley, in that letter, for the president's eye alone.

Who is this, sitting on an old sofa in the public offices of the White House after the battle of Bull Run, talking, with quaint anecdotes and humorous commentaries, with officers and soldiers and civilians and scattered congressmen, who poured across the Long Bridge from the first battlefield of the rebellion to tell their tale of woe to the only man in Washington who had sense enough left

to appreciate it or patience enough left to listen to it? Is it the log cabin student, learning to read and write by the light of the kitchen fire in the woods of Indiana? It is he. Can it be the adventurous voyager of the Mississippi, inventing ideas for lifting flat boats over the riffles which impeded his journey, and at the same time meditating ideas broad as the free skies, for lifting nations out of barbarism, as he traced the divine image in the faces of men and women chained together in the auction block of the slave market at New Orleans? It is he.

Can it be the awkward farm hand of the Sangamon, who covered his bare feet in the fresh dirt which his plow had turned up to keep them from getting sunburned, while he sat down at the end of the furrow to rest his team and to regale himself with a few more pages of worn volumes borrowed from the neighbors? It is he. Can it be the country lawyer who rode on horseback from county seat to county seat, with nothing in his saddlebags except a clean shirt and the code of Illinois, to try his cases and to air his views in the cheerful company that always gathered around the stove in the tavern at the county seat? It is he.

Is it the daring debater, blazing out for a moment with the momentous warning, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," then falling back within the defenses of the Constitution, in order that the cause of liberty, already hindered by the folly of its friends, might not become an outlaw in the land? It is he.

Is it the weary traveller, setting out from Springfield on his last journey from home, asking anxious neighbors who came to the depot to see him off, to remember him in their prayers, and talking to them in sad and mystical language about One who could go with him and remain with them, and be everywhere for good; It is he.

They said that he jested, and laughed in a weird way, and told objectionable anecdotes that night, sitting on the old sofa in the public offices of the White House. They started ugly reports about him, and the comic newspapers of London and New York made cruel pictures of him, pictures of his big, handsome hands that were about to be stretched out to save the civilization of the world, and his overgrown feet, feet that for four torn and bleeding years were not too weary in the service of mankind. They said that his clothes did not

fit him, that when he sat down he tangled up his long legs in an ungainly fashion, that he was awkward and uncouth in his appearance.

They began to wonder whether this being a backwoodsman was really a recommendation for President of the United States, and some of them began to talk about the grace of courtly manners which had been brought home from St. James.

Little did they dream that the rude cabin where his father lived the night he was born, yonder on the edge of the hill country in Kentucky, would be transfigured in the tender imagination of the people until it became a mansion more stately than the White House, a palace more royal than all the palaces of the earth. It did not shelter the childhood of a king, but there is in this world one thing at least more royal than a king—it is a man.

They said that he jested and acted unconcerned as he looked at people through eyes that moved slowly from one to another in the crowd. They did not know him. If they had known him they might have seen that he was not looking at the crowd at all—that his immortal spirit was girding for its ordeal. And if he laughed, how could they

be sure that he did not hear cheerful voices from above? For had he not read in an old book that He who sitteth in the Heavens sometimes looks down with laughter and derision upon the impotent plans of men to turn aside the everlasting purposes of God?

It took his countrymen the full four years to find out Abraham Lincoln. By the light of the camp fires of victorious armies they learned to see the outline of his gigantic figure, to comprehend in part at least the dignity of his character, and to assess at its full value the integrity of his conscience; and when at length they followed his body back to Springfield and looked for the last time upon his worn and wrinkled face, through their tears they saw him exalted above all thrones in the gratitude and the affection of the world.

We have been accustomed to think of the civil war in the United States as an affair of armies, for we come of a fighting race, and our military instinct needs very little encouragement—some think none at all—but it requires no very deep insight into the hidden things of history, to see that this conflict was not waged altogether on fields of battle nor under the walls of besieged

cities; and that fact makes Abraham Lincoln greater than all his generals, greater than all his admirals, greater than all the armies and all the navies that responded to his proclamation.

He stands apart because he bore the ark of the covenant of our institutions. He was not making his own fight, nor even the fight of his own country or of the passing generation. The stars in their courses had enlisted with him. He had a treaty never submitted to the Senate, which made him the ally of the Lord of Hosts, with infinite reinforcements at his call; and so the battle he was in was not in the woods around the old church at Shiloh nor in the wilderness of Virginia. He was hand in hand with an insurrection older than the slave power in America, a rebellion old as human voracity and human greed, that age after age had filled this earth with oppression and wrong, denied the rights of man and made the history of the world, in the language of the historian Gibbon, a dull recital of the crimes and follies and misfortunes of the human race. And so he was caught up like Hezekiah, prophet of Israel, and brought to the east gate of the Lord's house, and when he heard it said unto him, "Son of man,

these are the men who devise mischief," he understood what the vision meant, for he had touched human life in such lowly fashion, living a humbler life than any man ever lived in this world, except our incarnate Lord who had not even where to lay his head, he had lived such a life that he knew instinctively what this great, endless struggle of our poor, fallen humanity is and how far the nation had fallen away from its duty and its opportunity.

All his life there had dwelt in his recollection a little sentence from an historic document which had been carelessly passed along from one Fourth of July celebration to another, for nearly eighty years, "All men are created equal." To Abraham Lincoln that sounded strangely like an answer to a question propounded by the oldest of the Hebrew sages, "If I despise the cause of my man servant or my maid servant when he contendeth with me, what shall I do when God riseth up? Did not He that made me make him?" A strategic question that had to be answered aright before democracy or any other form of civil liberty could make any headway in the world.

He knew that that sentence had not been inspired on the front porch of a slave plantation in Virginia. He understood that when brave men take their lives in their hands they forget time and place and are likely, when they are laying the foundation of their nations, to tell the truth lest the heavens fall. With a sublime faith, shared within the limits of their light by millions, he believed that sentence. He had tested the depth of it till his plummet touched the foundation of the earth. From his youth that simple saying had been ringing in his ears: "All men are created equal." It was the answer of the eighteenth century of Christ to all the dim milleniums that were before Him; yet he had heard it ridiculed, narrowed down to nothing and explained away. And with those millions sharing his faith within the limits of their light, he understood that sentence and came to its defense.

With one stroke he brushed away all the wretched sophistry of partisan expediency in American politics and rescued the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson from obloquy and neglect.

"I think," he said, "that the authors of that notable instrument intended to include all men.

But they did not intend to declare all men equal in all respects. They did not mean to say that all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social capacity. They defined, with tolerable distinctness, in which respects they did consider all men created equal—equal with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This they said and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all men were then actually enjoying that equality, nor that they were about to confer it immediately upon them, because they knew that they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that the enforcement of it should follow as fast as circumstances would permit.

“They meant simply to set up a standard maxim of free society, which should be everywhere familiarized by the people, always reverenced, constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated; thereby constantly spreading and

deepening its influence and augmenting the value and happiness of life to all people, of all colors, everywhere."

That was the message of Abraham Lincoln to the nations of the world and to the ages of the world's history; and for fear somebody in the future might say that that was a mere flourish of a joint debate with Mr. Douglas, when he went to the capital for his inauguration, he asked them to stop the train at Philadelphia, and so it is said that he went alone, a few friends only following him up the narrow street, until he came to the old Hall of Independence, where our fathers put their names down to the sublime documents which underlie our institutions, and standing there, by the very desk where their names were signed, he lifted his big hand up, and added his pledge to theirs that he would defend these propositions with his life.

Here is the summit from which your old neighbor looked down on the whole world! Here is the spiritual height from which he was able to forecast the doom, not only of African slavery in the United States, but of all slaveries, all despot-

isms, all conspiracies with avarice and greed to oppress and wrong the children of God, living in God's world!

Here is the mountain top from which he sent down his great message to mankind:

"This is essentially a people's contest; on the side of the Union, a struggle to maintain in the world that form and substance of government the leading object of which is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from shoulders; to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all and to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."

Thanks be unto God the war for the Union ended as it did—that we are not enemies but friends, with one nation, one flag, one destiny in the midst of the ages. Thanks be unto God also that at the foundation there is no division of parties about our institutions. We share in the heritage of a common faith in those institutions as founded by our fathers. As Democrats we repeat the words of Thomas Jefferson, "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." As Republicans, we echo in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "An unfettered start and a fair chance

in the race of life." The doctrine is the same. Nor is the time as far off as some may think who breathe the atmosphere of the great centers of American business and speculation, when the people of the United States, without regard to party affiliations will cherish in grateful hearts the bold and fearless platform which made the last seven years at our capitol famous in the language of the American people, "A square deal for every man." No more, no less. The doctrine is the same, and if it be not true, then there is no foundation either for the religion or for the institutions which we have inherited from our fathers and our mothers.

But the doctrine is forever true, and standing this day by the grave of Abraham Lincoln, our hearts filled with the heroic memories of other generations, we swear for us and for our children, by his blood, to make the doctrine true for all nations and for all generations and for all the ages that are to come.

GOVERNOR DENEEN

Introducing Mr. Bryan

I cannot "introduce" you to the next speaker, because he is known to all of you; but it is indeed a great pleasure to extend the greetings of this vast audience to a native son of Illinois, and to an adopted son, only, of Nebraska, who has returned to his native state to pay his tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, of Illinois and Nebraska.

HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Lincoln as an Orator

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I esteem myself fortunate to have received an invitation to take even a minor part in this great celebration. I thank the committee for the honor that it has done me and for the pleasure it has given me. The occasion, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of one whom the world owns, has justified the coming of these distinguished guests, representing two of the greatest of the nations of the world, one which we remember because of the help received at a critical time, and the other which we remember because the relations between the two nations illustrate how, among intelligent people, differences may be forgotten and ties of friendship strengthened, in spite of war.

I have been delighted with the splendid oration which has been delivered by the Senator from Iowa. I knew him too well to expect less; and knowing that to him was assigned the important

part of presenting a well-rounded eulogy of Lincoln, I chose to speak for a moment upon a particular feature in Lincoln's life. I knew that Mr. Dolliver would illustrate what I want to say, but I felt sure that he would devote so much of his time to the other characteristics brought out by Lincoln's life, that he might leave me just a little to say of Lincoln as an orator.

This part of his life and of his qualities has, I think, been overshadowed by his great career as a statesman.

Lincoln's fame as a statesman and as the nation's chief executive during its most crucial period has so overshadowed his fame as an orator that his merits as a public speaker have not been sufficiently emphasized.

You will pardon me, therefore, if I pass over the things that are most mentioned in his life, and the virtues that have been so eloquently portrayed today, and speak of the part which Lincoln's ability as a public speaker played in his career and, through him, in this part of our nation's history.

Lincoln more than any other President we have ever had, owes his eminence to his power as a

public speaker. Without that power he would have been unknown among the members of his party.

When it is remembered that his nomination was directly due to the prominence which he won upon the stump; that in a remarkable series of debates he held his own against one of the most brilliant orators America has produced; and that to his speeches, more than to the arguments of any other one man, or in fact, of all other public men combined was due the success of his party—when all these facts are borne in mind, it will appear plain, even to the casual observer, that too little attention has been given to the extraordinary power which he exercised as a speaker. That his nomination was due to the effect that his speeches produced, can not be disputed. When he began his fight against slavery in 1854 he was but little known outside of the counties in which he attended court. It is true that he had been a member of Congress some years before, but at that time he was not stirred by any great emotion or connected with the discussion of any important theme, and he made but little impression upon national politics. No subject had then stirred

his latent energies into life. He was a lawyer of distinction in the communities which he visited, but he was not known beyond a limited area. It was when, in 1854, he found a cause worthy of his championship, that he came from obscurity into great prominence. It was when the question of the extension of slavery became a real issue, that he stepped forth and became the representative of the anti-slavery sentiment.

It so happened that there lived in Illinois the man who represented the other side of that question, a great orator, one of the greatest that this nation has known, skilled in all the arts of debate, polished and having had experience at the nation's capitol among the nation's foremost men, and when this issue began to take form, Lincoln appeared as the antagonist of Douglas.

Beginning in 1854, he counteracted as he could the influence of the speeches of Douglas. When Douglas appeared in 1858 as a candidate for the Senate, to succeed himself, Lincoln presented himself as his opponent. Then began the most remarkable series of debates that this world has ever known. History records no such series of public speeches.

In order to have a great debate, you must have a great subject. You must have great debaters, and you must have a people ready for the subject. Here were the people ready for the issue. Here was an issue as great as ever stirred a human heart. Here were the representatives on either side.

In engaging in this contest with Douglas he met a foeman worthy of his steel, for Douglas had gained a deserved reputation as a great debater, and recognized that his future depended upon the success with which he met the attacks of Lincoln. On one side an institution supported by history and tradition and on the other a growing sentiment against the holding of a human being in bondage —these presented a supreme issue.

Lincoln was defeated in the debates so far as the immediate result was concerned. Douglas won the senatorial seat for which the two at that time contested but Lincoln won the presidency in the same contest.

Lincoln won the larger victory in that he helped to mould the sentiment that was dividing parties and re-arranging the political map of the country. That series of debates focused public attention

upon Lincoln, and because of the masterly manner in which he presented his side of that great issue, he became the leader of the forces against extension.

It was because of that leadership, won in the forum and on the stump, and by his power of speech that, coming from the west, the far west, with nothing to command him but the zeal and the earnestness and the force with which he presented the cause, he triumphed in his convention. He was not only a western man, but a man lacking in book learning and the polish of the schools.

He laid the foundations for his party more than any other one man, aye, more than all the rest combined. He won that fight by his argument. His leadership rests upon his superb talent as a speaker. No other American president has ever so clearly owed his elevation to his oratory. Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, the presidents usually mentioned in connection with him, were all poor speakers. I insist that, when the history of this nation's orators is written, Lincoln will stand at the top, for this nation has never produced a greater orator than Abraham Lincoln.

In analyzing Lincoln's characteristics as a speaker, one is impressed with the completeness of his equipment. He possessed the two things that are absolutely essential to effective speaking—namely, information and earnestness.

I agree with Mr. Dolliver that there are differences of definition and that some will describe oratory by one set of phrases, and another by another. If I were going to describe Mr. Lincoln's, I would describe it as the speech of one who knows what he is talking about and believes what he says. These are the two essentials in oratory. You cannot convey information to another unless you have it, and you cannot touch others' hearts unless your own heart has been touched. Eloquence is the speech that goes, not from head to head, but from heart to heart, and just as long as there are great causes to be discussed, just as long as there are great hearts that throb in harmony with the heart of mankind, just as long as there are men with a message to deliver, there will be oratory, there will be eloquence, in this world.

Lincoln knew his subject. He was prepared to meet his opponent upon the general proposition discussed, and upon any deductions which

could be drawn from it. There was no unsurveyed field into which he feared his enemy might lead him. He had carefully examined every foot of the ground upon which the battle was to be fought and he feared neither pitfall nor ambush. He spoke from his own heart to the hearts of those who listened. Not only was he completely filled, saturated, with his subject, but he felt that that subject transcended the petty ambitions of man. I wish I might have lived early enough to have listened to one of those debates. We know how feebly the printed page conveys the thrill that comes from the heart of one who speaks with earnestness; but I can imagine how his face glowed with enthusiasm and I can imagine how his voice trembled with emotion, when he said, "It matters little whether they vote Judge Douglas or me up or down, but it does matter whether this question is settled right or wrong."

Lincoln understood a bible passage at which some have stumbled, "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." He knew that that phrase has a larger interpretation than is sometimes given to it. It is the very epitome of history. The

man who has no higher ambition than to save his own life, leads a little life; while those who stand ready to give themselves for things greater than themselves, find a larger life than the life that they surrender. Wendell Phillips has expressed the same thought that will live when he says, "How prudently most men sink into nameless graves, while now and then a few forget themselves into immortality."

It is not by remembering ourselves, but by forgetting ourselves in devotion to things larger than ourselves that we win immortality, and Lincoln felt that the subject with which he dealt was larger than any human being, larger than any party, larger than any country, as large as humanity itself; and with those two essentials, knowledge of the subject and intense earnestness, he could not be otherwise than eloquent.

Lincoln had also the subordinate characteristics, if I may so describe them, that aid the public speaker.

He was a master of the power of statement. Few have equalled him in the ability to strip a truth of surplus verbiage and present it in its

naked strength. He could state a question so clearly that one could hardly misunderstand it when he wanted to.

In the Declaration of Independence we read that there are certain self-evident truths, which are therein enumerated. I endorse the statement. I could go even farther. If I were going to amend the proposition, I would say that all truth is self-evident. Not that any truth will be universally accepted, for not all are in a position or in an attitude to accept any given truth. In the interpretation of the parable of the sower, we are told that "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the truth," and it must be acknowledged that every truth has these or other difficulties to contend with.

The best service that anyone can render a truth is to speak it so clearly that it can be understood, and Lincoln possessed the power of stating a truth so clearly that it could be understood.

I do not mean to say that any truth can be stated so clearly that no one will dispute it. I think it was Macaulay who said that if any money was to be made by it, eloquent and learned men could be found to dispute the law of gravitation;

but what I mean to say is this—that a truth may be so clearly stated that no one will dispute it unless he has some special reason for not seeing it, or for disputing it; and when you find one who does not want to see the truth, there is no use to reason with him or argue with him. It is a waste of time. For instance, if you say to a man, “It is wrong to steal” and he said “O, I don’t know about that,” it speaks a self-evident truth. Don’t argue with him. Just search him and you may find the reason in his pocket.

No one has more clearly stated the fundamental objections to slavery than Lincoln stated them, and he had a great advantage over his opponents in being able to state those objections frankly; for Judge Douglas neither denounced nor defended slavery as an institution—his plan embodied a compromise and he could not discuss slavery upon its merits without alienating either the slave-owner or the abolitionist.

Lincoln was not only a master of statement, but he understood the power of condensation. The epigram is valuable because it contains so much in a small compass.

We speak of moulders of thought. A moulder of thought is not necessarily a creator of thought. Just as the bullet moulder will put lead into a form in which it can be used effectively, so a moulder of thought puts thought into a form that makes it easy to take hold of and easy to remember, and Lincoln was a moulder of thought. He did not create the anti-slavery sentiment. He gave expression to it. He was the spokesman of his party, and he framed into words and into sentences and into phrases the ideas of those who followed him. Just as Jefferson was the moulder of the thought of his day, Lincoln was the moulder of the thought of his time, and people who agreed with him found themselves quoting what he said. Why? Because he said it better than they could say it and better than anyone else had said it.

He was apt in illustration—no one more so. It is a powerful form of argument. His illustrations were drawn from everyday life. They were simple. A child could understand them and they made his arguments irresistible. His language was simple. Many have discussed whether Lincoln would have been as great a man as he was if he had had larger educational advantages. It

is not worth while to discuss that question now. It is sufficient to say that a man may know big words without using them at inappropriate times. Lincoln used no big words. He never spoke over the heads of his audiences, and yet his language was never commonplace. His language was simple and his speech had the strength that simplicity gives it. Lincoln may rest his fame as an orator on the one speech delivered on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He condensed into that speech more than can be found in any similar speech that was ever uttered by lips that were not inspired. He illustrated the knowledge of the people, he disclosed the earnestness of the heart 'that was back of the tongue; and the language was so simple that anyone could fully understand it, and it was so short that any memory can hold it and carry it.

He understood the power of the interrogatory, for some of his most powerful arguments were condensed into questions. Of all those who discussed the evils of separation and the advantages to be derived from the preservation of the Union, no one ever put the matter more forcibly than Lincoln did when, referring to the possibility of war and the certainty of peace some time, even

if the Union was divided; he called attention to the fact that the same question would have to be dealt with, and then asked, "Can enemies make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

Lincoln, I say had the essentials of the orator, and he added to those the things that aid the orator, and his oratory is as much a part of his life and his career, as is the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero a part of their careers; and he deserves to have his name written with theirs among the world's great orators. Someone has described the difference between Demosthenes and Cicero by saying that "when Cicero spoke, people said, 'How well Cicero speaks,' but when Demosthenes spoke they said 'Let us go against Philip.'" The one impressed his subject on the audience, and the other impressed himself. In proportion as one can forget himself and become wholly absorbed in the cause which he is presenting does he measure up to the requirements of oratory.

Lincoln so impressed his subject on an audience that the audience seemed to forget him, and they have not remembered him as an orator because they were so intensely interested in what he said; and yet what higher tribute could be paid to a

man's speaking than to say that you forgot the speaker because you were aroused by what he said to consider the thing of which he spoke.

He made frequent use of bible language and fortified himself by illustrations from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech of 1858 he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his entire career, namely, that a republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave, and that finally a bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed, "I have found it!" "The American people are a bible-reading people. They will understand a quotation from scripture," and then he used those words, "A house divided against itself cannot stand;" and I think I risk no fear of contradiction when I say that there has never been any other bible quotation that has had as much influence in the settlement of a great question as that bible quotation that Lincoln uttered in his humble way.

I have enumerated some, not all, but the more important, of his characteristics as an orator. On this day I venture for the moment to turn the thoughts of this audience away from the great

work that he accomplished as a patriot, away from his achievements in the life of statecraft, to the means employed by him to bring before the public the ideas which attracted attention to him. It cannot be entirely overlooked as the returning anniversary of his birth calls increasing attention to the widening influence of his work. With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination, with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the Presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero were no more necessary to their work, and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs.

But, my friends, while I believe that Lincoln's oratory is responsible, primarily, for his prominence, and that it was the foundation of all the superstructure of statesmanship that was built afterward, still there was something back of his oratory, as there must be something back of all effective oratory. He planted himself upon principles that are eternal. He saw the relation between man and money, and expressed his belief

in a letter addressed to the Boston club, who had invited him to celebrate with them the birthday of Jefferson. He could not go, but in his letter he commended Jefferson's teaching and praised him. His eulogy of Jefferson was not surpassed by any other eulogy that has been pronounced on Jefferson. In his letter he said that his party believed in the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict, it believed in the man before the dollar.

My friends, that was not a transient sentiment. That was not a truth applicable to a particular time. You may go back in history as far as you will. You may look forward into the future as far as you will, and you will find that there never was a great abuse and never will be a great abuse, that did not grow or will not grow, out of the inversion of the proper relation between man and money.

Lincoln saw that man came first and money afterwards. He planted himself on that doctrine. That doctrine is the solid rock, and because he knew that he could not be mistaken, he was not afraid to stand there and face anybody who opposed him.

And to my mind, Lincoln illustrates the power of truth speaking through human lips. He illustrates the power of truth as it inspires courage, for his moral courage was as superb as the world has ever known. He dared to do what he thought he ought to do. He dared to say what he thought ought to be said, and he asked not how many or how few were ready to stand and take their share with him.

Why has his fame grown? Because the truth for which he stood has grown; and I cannot better conclude my brief speech to you than to say that Lincoln, in his speech, and in his career, and in his fame, illustrates again that humble bible truth that "One with God shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

At 10:30 a. m. religious services were held at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, formerly the First Presbyterian church, which was Mr. Lincoln's place of worship from 1849 to 1861. Mr. Lincoln's old pew, marked by an appropriate bronze tablet, is still in use. The following address by Dr. T. D. Logan, was the principal feature of this meeting.

REV. THOMAS D. LOGAN, D. D.

Lincoln as a Worshiper

It was a cruel tyrant, a heartless slave-driver, who said to Israel in bondage: "Ye are idle, ye are idle; therefore ye say, Let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord." To those who know not God, and love not their fellowmen, the worship of God seems idleness. Yet it is as natural for man to worship as to breathe. Conscious of his limitations, and recognizing his dependence upon an Infinite Being, the soul of man craves fellowship with that Being, and reaches out longingly towards Him. Thomas Carlyle says: "It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their

thoughts; it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them.”

Worship is worship—an acknowledgment of worth. Religious worship is the acknowledgment of Supreme Worth. It is a reverential upward look, the pouring out of the soul to God, and if sincere it commands respect, even when one knows that the worshiper has very imperfect ideas of the Being whom he addresses. The Puritan may be unimpressed with the grandeur of the vast cathedral, and to one who has been trained in the simpler forms of worship, the more elaborate ritual may be a hindrance rather than a help in his devotion; but when he sees the humble peasant kneel before the altar, he recognizes at once a fellow-worshiper. One is ready to bare not only his head but his feet, as he enters the Mohammedan mosque, because it is the place where his fellowman bows before the Infinite. Even the heathen, who in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, is entitled to our sympathetic regard, because according to his light and knowledge, he worships as well as he knows how; and the wise missionary builds his instruction upon this reverence for the

Supreme. Paul addressed his Athenian audience as "very religious," and in the inscription on their altar to the unknown God, he found a text from which to proclaim Him whom they ignorantly worshiped. The time is past, if it ever existed, when worship could be confined to any particular locality. Neither in Jerusalem alone, nor in the mountain of Samaria, ye shall worship the Father. The true worshipers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. Sincere worship always commands respect, while the pretense of worship is beneath contempt.

The place where we have assembled on this the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is, therefore, hallowed ground; and it is fitting that one of the first exercises of the day should be of a religious character. For twelve years prior to his election to the Presidency, Abraham Lincoln sat in yonder pew, more regular in his attendance at the services of the sanctuary than the average communicant, a reverent and devout worshiper of Almighty God in a Christian congregation. That fact in itself is sufficient to make this old church one of the sacred spots to be visited by every resi-

dent of Springfield, and by every one who makes the pilgrimage to this city to view the places so closely associated with the career of him whose life was sacrificed on the altar of union and liberty.

But did Lincoln really worship? Was he sincere, or was it all a pretense? Strange questions to ask concerning one to whom honesty was ascribed as a ruling characteristic. Can it be that Lincoln was honest in his business dealings and in his political relations, and dishonest towards God? Yet such is the charge that has been made against him by a biographer, whose intimate business relationship has led some to accept his statements as authentic in other relations of which he had but slight personal knowledge. Listen to the accusation as it appears in Lamon's Life of Lincoln, the material for which was supplied by Mr. W. H. Herndon:

“While it is very clear that Mr. Lincoln was at all times an infidel, in the orthodox meaning of the term, it is also very clear that he was not at all times equally willing that everybody should know it. He never offered to purge or recant; but he was a wily politician and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with some regard to his political interests. As he grew older he grew

more cautious * * * He saw the immense and augmenting power of the churches and in times past had practically felt it. The imputation of infidelity had seriously injured him in several of his earlier political contests; and, sobered by age and experience, he was resolved that the same imputation should injure him no more. Aspiring to lead religious communities, he foresaw that he must not appear as an enemy within the gates; aspiring to public honors under the auspices of a political party which persistently summoned religious people to assist in the extirpation of that which is denounced as the 'Nation's sin,' he foresaw that he could not ask their suffrages whilst aspersing their faith. He perceived no reasons for changing his convictions, but he did perceive many good and cogent reasons for not making them public * * * At any rate Mr. Lincoln permitted himself to be misunderstood and misrepresented by some enthusiastic ministers and exhorters with whom he came in contact."

If the above charge can be sustained, Mr. Lincoln was neither a sincere worshiper nor an honest man. He might have been an infidel or even an atheist and still have been a good man. He might have

worshiped here without approving every sentiment expressed from the pulpit. The Presbyterian church requires no such surrender of individual opinion on the part of worshipers, or even on the part of its members. Since the adoption of its doctrinal standards in 1729, it has welcomed to fellowship in sacred ordinances all such as there is ground to believe Christ will at last admit to the Kingdom of Heaven. In matters of individual opinion or interpretation there was room for much latitude; but there was not room for the hypocritical pretense of holding views which in his heart he spurned. “God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in TRUTH.”

I am therefore called to the defense of the sincerity of Abraham Lincoln before I can establish the claim that he was a true worshiper. This requires that we shall make some examination into his religious views as well as his religious practices. In doing this I shall endeavor to set forth the facts as they are contained in the records and traditions of this church and of this community, not reading my own faith into his, but giving the testimony of those who were in a position to know, and allowing an intelligent public opinion to decide the case.

Abraham Lincoln's parents were godly people, Baptists in their denominational preferences, and his early knowledge of the Bible was derived from this source. That he was familiar with this Book, and that his literary style was to a great extent moulded by it, are facts well known to every careful reader of his letters and speeches. The straggling settlement at New Salem had neither church nor school house, and was visited seldom, if at all, by the circuit preachers of that day. There was a strong skeptical influence there, and among the few books that were passed around were the writings of Volney and Paine. It is pretty well established that Lincoln imbibed some of these views, and that he wrote an essay on the subject which his employer burned in the stove, leaving the world in ignorance of the extent of his unbelief. After coming to Springfield in 1837, he was not a regular attendant at any church, and probably very seldom went to any place of worship prior to his marriage. The family of Mr. Ninian Edwards, with whom Mary Todd made her home, were Episcopalians, and the officiating minister was the Rev. Charles Dresser, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church. (The records of that church show that it was the

fifteenth wedding since the organization of the parish in 1835. One of the elders of the First Presbyterian church, at the time when Mrs. Lincoln was received into its membership in 1852, recollects that, in her examination, she said that she had been confirmed in the Episcopal church in Kentucky at the age of twelve years, but that she had not been identified with the Episcopal church in Springfield, and preferred to make a new profession of her faith.) Older members of St. Paul's Episcopal church have a recollection of an occasional attendance of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at their services, but there is no record of her as a communicant, nor were any of the children baptized in that church.

The connection with the First Presbyterian church began shortly after the opening of the pastorate of Dr. James Smith in 1849, and the intimacy between Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and the pastor was cemented by his ministrations at the time of their first bereavement when their son Edward died February 1, 1850. The universal testimony concerning Dr. Smith by those who remember him is that he was a man of commanding ability. A few who sat under his ministry are still in the membership

of the church, and they say that he spoke of the deep things of God in a manner which made the truth plain to their understanding. Several of his descendants are members of the church at the present time. He was the author of a book on the Evidences of Christianity which was instrumental in clearing away many of the difficulties which had lodged in the mind of Mr. Lincoln, and in leading to the avowal of his belief in the scriptures as a supernatural revelation from God, in a public address at the anniversary of the Sangamon County Bible society. The local biographer speaks of this book as a little tract which Dr. Smith prepared for the express purpose of converting Mr. Lincoln, but that the effort failed as the tract lay on his desk for weeks and was not even read. A copy of the book has recently come into my hands. It is entitled, "The Christian's Defense," a volume of nearly 700 pages, stereotyped and published by J. A. James in Cincinnati, in 1843, and is the outgrowth of a debate with a Mr. Olmsted conducted at Columbus, Mississippi, in 1841. It is fully abreast of the scholarship of that day.

The circumstances connected with the attendance of Mr. Lincoln at the First Presbyterian

church were given in a letter from Mr. Thomas Lewis to my predecessor in the pastorate, Rev. James A. Reed, D.D., under date of January 6, 1873. "Not long after Dr. Smith came to Springfield, and I think very near the time of his son's death, Mr. Lincoln said to me that, when on a visit somewhere, he had seen and partially read a work of Dr. Smith on the Evidences of Christianity which had led him to change his views about the Christian religion; that he would like to get that work to finish the reading of it, and also to make the acquaintance of Dr. Smith. I was an elder in Dr. Smith's church, and took Dr. Smith to Mr. Lincoln's office and introduced him, and Dr. Smith gave Mr. Lincoln a copy of his book, as I know, at his own request." Mr. Lewis made a fuller statement on this subject in an address to the Y. M. C. A. of Kansas City in December, 1898. The address was printed in the Kansas City papers of that date, and copied into the Illinois State Journal of December 16, 1908.

This statement is corroborated by an open letter from Dr. Smith to W. H. Herndon, copied from the Dundee Advertiser by the State Journal on March 12, 1867, as shown in its file in the State Historical

Library. Dr. Smith had been appointed Consul at Dundee, Scotland, by President Lincoln, and was living there at the time of the assassination. Under date of December 22, 1866, Herndon wrote an impertinent letter to Dr. Smith, demanding that he answer him as a gentleman, if he could, and if not, to answer him as a Christian, stating whether he had any written documents proving that Mr. Lincoln had been converted to the belief that the Bible was God's special miraculous revelation; or, in the absence of written documents, to give the exact words with which he professed his change of belief. He also demanded to know whether Dr. Smith believed Lincoln to be an honest man if he had changed his views and still declined to unite with his church. Dr. Smith had just read an article of Herndon's, which appeared in the Scottish newspapers, making statements concerning the domestic life of Mr. Lincoln which, from his intimate acquaintance with the family, he knew to be false. Much of the letter is devoted to the expression of his opinion of one who had been an intimate friend and partner of the murdered President, and yet could do the reputation of that great and good man

an incalculable injury. Omitting this part of the letter, I give that which bears upon the religious views of Mr. Lincoln:

“SIR—Your letter of the 20th December was duly received. In it you ask me to answer several questions in relation to the illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln. With regard to your second question, I beg leave to say that it is a very easy matter to prove that while I was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Springfield, Mr. Lincoln did avow his belief in the Divine authority and inspiration of the scriptures, and I hold that it is a matter of the last importance not only to the present, but all future generations of the great Republic and to all advocates of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, that this avowal on his part, and the circumstances attending it, together with very interesting incidents illustrative of his character, in my possession, should be made known to the public. I am constrained, however, most respectfully to decline choosing you as the medium through which such a communication shall be made by me. (The part of the letter referring to Mr. Herndon is omitted.) My intercourse with Mr. Lincoln convinced me that he was not only an

honest man, but preeminently an upright man—ever ready, so far as in his power, to render unto all their dues.

“It was my honor to place before Mr. Lincoln arguments to prove the Divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, accompanied by the arguments of infidel objectors in their own language. To the arguments on both sides Mr. Lincoln gave a most patient, impartial and searching investigation. To use his own language, he examined the arguments as a lawyer, anxious to reach the truth, investigates testimony. The result was the announcement by himself that the argument in favor of the Divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures was unanswerable. I could say much more on this subject, but as you are the person addressed, for the present I decline. The assassin Booth, by his diabolical act, unwittingly sent the illustrious martyr to glory, honor and immortality; but his false friend, has attempted to send him down to posterity with infamy branded on his forehead, as a man who, notwithstanding all he suffered for his country’s good, was destitute of those feelings and affections, without which there can be no real excellence of character.”

"N. B. It will no doubt be gratifying to the friends of Christianity to learn that very shortly after Mr. Lincoln became a member of my congregation, at my request, in the presence of a large assembly, at the annual meeting of the Bible society of Springfield, he delivered an address the object of which was to inculcate the importance of having the Bible placed in possession of every family in the state. In the course of this he drew a striking contrast between the Decalogue and the moral codes of the most eminent law-givers of antiquity, and closed (as near as I can recollect) in the following language: 'It seems to me that nothing short of infinite wisdom could by any possibility have devised and given to man this excellent and perfect moral code. It is suited to men in all conditions of life, and includes all the duties they owe to their Creator, to themselves, and to their fellow-men.' "

In disclaiming the statements purporting to have been made by him as set forth in Lamon's Life of Lincoln, Hon. John T. Stuart wrote, under date of December 17, 1872: "The language of that statement is not mine; it was not written by me, and I did not see it till it was in print. I was once inter-

viewed on the subject of Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions, and doubtless said that Mr. Lincoln was, in the earlier part of his life, an infidel. I could not have said that 'Dr. Smith tried to convert Lincoln from infidelity so late as 1858, and couldn't do it.' In relation to that point, I stated, in the same conversation, some facts which are omitted in that statement, and which I will briefly repeat: That Eddie, a child of Mr. Lincoln, died in 1848 or 1849, and that he and his wife were in deep grief on that account; that Dr. Smith, then pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Springfield, at the suggestion of a lady friend of theirs, called upon Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and that first visit resulted in great intimacy and friendship between them, lasting till the death of Mr. Lincoln, and continuing with Mrs. Lincoln till the death of Dr. Smith. (July 3, 1871.) I stated that I had heard, at the time, that Dr. Smith and Mr. Lincoln, had much discussion in relation to the truth of the Christian religion, and that Dr. Smith had furnished Mr. Lincoln with books to read on that subject, and among others, one which had been written by himself sometime previously, on infidelity; and that Dr. Smith claimed that after this investigation Mr.

Lincoln had changed his opinion, and became a believer in the truth of the Christian religion; that Mr. Lincoln and myself had never conversed on the subject, and I had no personal knowledge as to his alleged change of opinion. I stated, however, that it was certainly true, that up to that time Mr. Lincoln had never regularly attended any place of religious worship, but that after that time he rented a pew in the First Presbyterian church, and with his family constantly attended worship in that church until he went to Washington as President* * I would further say that Dr. Smith was a man of very great ability, and on theological and metaphysical subjects had few superiors and not many equals. Truthfulness was a prominent trait in Mr. Lincoln's character, and it would be impossible for any intimate friend of his to believe that he ever aimed to deceive, either by his words or his conduct."

Mr. Ninian Edwards' statement on the subject is as follows: "A short time after the Rev. Dr. Smith became pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city, Mr. Lincoln said to me, 'I have been reading a work of Dr. Smith on the Evidences of Christianity, and have heard him preach and

converse on the subject, and I am now convinced of the truth of the Christian religion.”” Mr. James H. Matheny wrote: “The language attributed to me in Lamon’s book is not from my pen. I did not write it, and it does not express my sentiments of Mr. Lincoln’s entire life and character. It is a mere collection of sayings gathered from private conversations that were only true of Mr. Lincoln’s earlier life. I would not have allowed such an article to be printed over my signature as covering my opinion of Mr. Lincoln’s life and religious sentiments. While I do believe Mr. Lincoln to have been an infidel in his former life, when his mind was as yet unformed, and his associations principally with rough and skeptical men, yet I believe he was a very different man in later life; and that after associating with a different class of men, and investigating the subject, he was a firm believer in the Christian religion.””

The testimony of these well-known citizens ought to be a sufficient answer to the charge that Mr. Lincoln held infidel sentiments which he studiously concealed from those with whom he held his religious associations, and it confirms the opinion that he was a believer in the truths of Christianity. It

is not claimed that, while in Springfield, he had passed through those religious experiences which would have warranted a profession of his faith; but as the time approached when he was to undertake the great task of preserving the Union, there is evidence of a depth of religious sentiment which had not been known before. During the campaign of 1860, he said to Dr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and afterwards President of Knox College, "I know that there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it and Christ is God." The night after the vote was taken, when sufficient returns had been received to insure his election, he laid his hand on the knee of Goyn A. Sutton, mayor of Springfield, as they sat in a room near the telegraph office, and said: "Sutton, it is an awful responsibility; God help me! God help me!" When the Rev. Albert Hale, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, asked whether he thought he could carry out his purposes when he

reached Washington, Mr. Lincoln replied: "I know what I mean to do, but even St. Peter denied his Lord and Master." And when at length, on February 11, 1861, he stood on the platform of the car at the Wabash station at Monroe and Tenth streets, and bade farewell to Springfield, none questioned the sincerity of his Christian belief when he said:

"**M**Y FRIENDS—No one not in my situation can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of this people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children were born, and one lies buried. I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task greater than that which rested on the shoulders of Washington. Without the aid of that Divine Being who ever aided him, who controls mine and all destinies, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To His care commend-

ing you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you, friends and neighbors, an affectionate farewell."

Here I might close with the confident assurance that I had established the fact that, while a resident of Springfield, for ten or twelve years preceding his departure, Abraham Lincoln had been a sincere worshiper. It may be well, however, to add a few statements concerning his religious views and practices while in Washington. Arriving in that city, he became a regular attendant of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, under the Rev. Dr. Phineas D. Gurley. There were two strong characteristics of Mr. Lincoln's religious belief to which he gave frequent expression.

He was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. This is attested by his remarks to many ministers, and to the representatives of many religious bodies. An interesting and somewhat amusing incident, which I am sure we shall all enjoy as much as our Lutheran brethren, is related by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Pohlman, of Albany, N. Y. He was one of a delegation of Lutheran ministers who visited Mr. Lincoln in the White House, in May 1862, to present the resolutions of loyalty adopted by their

General Synod; and in addressing the President he stated that, at their recent meeting, one of the German ministers from Nashville, in a patriotic speech, declared that he was the only minister in that city, while it was within the Confederate lines, who dared to pray for the President of the United States, and the reason he dared to do so was because "he prayed in German, and the rebels couldn't understand German, but the Lord could." This evidently pleased Mr. Lincoln greatly, and was treasured in his memory. Eighteen months afterward, at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Dr. Pohlman again met the President, and supposed he would need to be again introduced, but Mr. Lincoln at once recognized him, and coming forward took him by the hand exclaiming, "The Lord understands German."

The statement made by General Rusling, concerning what President Lincoln said to General Sickles after the Battle of Gettysburg, has been challenged as improbable, and even impossible. General Rusling says that the President declared that he had no doubt as to the issue of that battle, because, just before it began, he had retired to his room, and getting down on his knees, had prayed

to Almighty God for victory, promising that if God would stand by the Nation now, he would stand by Him the rest of his life. The late Roland W. Diller, a neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, wrote to General Sickles, under date of June 15, 1891, inquiring as to the accuracy of the statements, and he received the following reply: "General Rusling is a thoroughly trustworthy gentleman of the highest standing in Trenton. He was an officer of my staff, and was no doubt present on the occasion mentioned, but I could not after so many years verify all the details of his narrative, but it is substantially confirmed by my recollection of the conversation."

The other characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's religious belief was a recognition of Divine Providence which he stated frequently in terms strong enough to suit the firmest believer in the sovereignty of God. Herndon accuses him of "holding most firmly to the doctrine of fatalism all his life." This he denied. In an interview with a number of Washington ministers, reported by Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, Mr. Lincoln said: "I hold myself in my present position, and with the authority vested in me, as an instrument of Providence. I have my

own views and purposes. I have my convictions of duty, and my notions of what is right to be done. But I am conscious every moment that all I am and all I have is subject to the control of a Higher Power, and that Power can use me or not use me in any manner, and at any time, as in His wisdom and might may be pleasing to Him. Nevertheless I am not a fatalist. I believe in the supremacy of the human conscience, and that men are responsible beings; that God has a right to hold them, and will hold them, to a strict personal account for the deeds done in the body."

His pastor, Dr. Gurley, said that the reports as to the infidelity of Mr. Lincoln could not have been true of him while at Washington, because he had frequent conversations with the President on these subjects, and knew him to be in accord with the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. He further declared that, in the latter days of his chastened life, after the death of his son Willie, and his visit to the battle field of Gettysburg, he said, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost confidence in everything but God, that he believed his heart

was changed, that he loved the Saviour, and that if he was not deceived in himself, it was his intention soon to make a profession of religion.

I cannot more fittingly close this address than by quoting a portion of the remarks made by the late Secretary of State, Hon. John Hay, as he stood beside President Roosevelt in the Lincoln pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian church at Washington, on the one hundredth anniversary of that church, November 16, 1903:

“Whatever is remembered or whatever lost, we ought never to forget that Abraham Lincoln, one of the mightiest masters of statecraft that history has known, was also one of the most devoted and faithful servants of Almighty God who has ever sat in the high places of the world. From that dim and chilly dawn, when, standing on a railway platform in Springfield, half veiled by falling snow-flakes, from the crowd of friends and neighbors who had gathered to wish him Godspeed on his momentous journey, he acknowledged his dependence on God, and asked for their prayers, to that sorrowful yet triumphant hour when he went to his account, he repeated over and over in every form of speech, his faith and trust in that Almighty Power who

rules the fate of men and nations * * * I will ask you to listen to a few sentences in which Mr. Lincoln admits us into the most secret recesses of his soul. It is a meditation written in September 1862. Perplexed and afflicted beyond the power of human help, by the disasters of war, the wrangling of parties, and the inexorable and constraining logic of his own mind, he shut out the world one day, and tried to put into form his double sense of responsibility to human duty and Divine power; and this was the result. It shows awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communion with his Maker.

“The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be and one *must* be wrong. God cannot be *for* and *against* the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God’s purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds

of the now contestants, He could have either *saved* or *destroyed* the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began, and having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.”

AT THE COURT HOUSE

Early in the morning the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, Stephenson Post No. 30, planted an elm tree in the court house square dedicated to the memory of Lincoln which they named, "The Lincoln Grand Army Elm."

At 9 a. m. exercises under the auspices of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution were held, at the court house, for the dedication of a bronze tablet to mark the site of Mr. Lincoln's first law office in Springfield. The leading features of this meeting were the addresses of Judges Cartwright and Creighton, which follow, together with introductory remarks of Col. Charles F. Mills, who presided at the meeting. The tablet referred to is inscribed as follows:

Site of
First
LAW OFFICE
of
A. LINCOLN
1837—1839
Springfield Chapter
Sons of the
American Revolution.

MAJOR JOHN W. BLACK

Report of Memorial Tablet Committee

The undersigned committee of the Springfield chapter of the Illinois society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to whom was assigned the duty of providing and placing a memorial tablet for marking the site of the first law office of Abraham Lincoln, desire to report that a suitable bronze tablet has been secured and placed in position at 109 North Fifth street, Springfield, Ill.

The committee beg leave to present in this connection some information concerning the location of the three law offices occupied by Mr. Lincoln in Springfield.

Mr. Lincoln's first law partnership was with Major John T. Stuart, under the firm name of Stuart & Lincoln, and their office was in Hoffman's row on the west side of Fifth street, between Washington and Jefferson streets, and the site of this building is now 109 North Fifth street, where the tablet has been placed.

The building was erected in 1835 by Herman L. Hoffman and was one of a row of four brick buildings of two stories, and when built was the most imposing structure in the city.

The second floor was used by Stuart and Lincoln as a law office in 1837, 1838 and 1839.

When the state capital was removed from Vandalia to Springfield in the winter of 1836, the old county court house that stood in the public square was torn down to make room for the new capitol building, now known as the Sangamon county building. The ground floor of the Hoffman row was used for the Sangamon county court for a term of four years.

After the election of Major John T. Stuart to Congress, in 1838, Mr. Lincoln formed a partnership with Stephen T. Logan, under the firm name of Logan & Lincoln, and occupied an office on the third floor of the old Farmers' National bank building on the southwest corner of Sixth and Adams streets.

The United States court over which Judge Nathaniel Pope then presided as district judge occupied the second floor of said building.

The firm of Logan & Lincoln was dissolved in 1843 and Mr. Lincoln then formed a partnership with William F. Herndon, under the firm name of Lincoln & Herndon, and occupied offices on the second floor over the store of John Irwin, 103 South Fifth street, which is now the south half of the Myers Brothers' clothing store.

The partnership of Lincoln & Herndon continued during Mr. Lincoln's term of office as President and was only dissolved by the death of Mr. Lincoln April 15, 1865.

COL. CHARLES F. MILLS

Introducing Judge Cartwright

The Springfield chapter of the Illinois society of the Sons of the American Revolution has the honor of having been the first to be organized in this state.

It seems fitting that the opening exercises of the Centennial Memorial Day should be held by this patriotic organization in the building where our citizens and the nation paid its final respect to the remains of our beloved townsman.

We are assembled this morning as friends and associates to renew and perpetuate the memories of Mr. Lincoln as he was best known in Springfield as a lawyer and as a citizen.

A distinguished representative of the Supreme Court will present the character of Lincoln as a lawyer, and a most worthy judge and our fellow townsman will speak of Mr. Lincoln as a citizen.

It is a great privilege for the Springfield Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution to present

Hon. James H. Cartwright, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, who will speak of Lincoln the Lawyer.

JUDGE CARTWRIGHT

Lincoln, the Lawyer

At the memorial services held in the Supreme Court of this state soon after the death of Abraham Lincoln, resolutions of the bar expressive of the great loss to the profession, were presented by John D. Caton, a former Chief Justice of the court; and in adding his words of appreciation he said that the pleasing task of speaking of Mr. Lincoln as the chosen ruler of the nation must be left to others; and while peers sang his praises and orators proclaimed his greatness as a public man, it was becoming that his professional brethren should speak of him as a lawyer. Mr. Justice Breese in responding for the court echoed the sentiment. The years that have passed since that time have not dimmed the fame of the great President, but have added the love, respect and admiration of the southern people, then embittered by the war which had destroyed their industrial system, set aside their social order, and wrought devastation among them.

That people have long since recognized that he was their best and truest friend; and today North and South hold in the same high esteem the man of humble birth, noble life and tragic death. The people today are listening to orators who recount the events of his life, extol his virtues and proclaim his greatness in the high office which he filled; and again it may be said that it becomes us who are members of the profession which he practiced during nearly all the years of his manhood to speak of him as Lincoln the lawyer.

For nearly thirty years he was a member of the bar of the Supreme Court and for about a quarter of a century he was engaged in the active practice of his profession in that court and the trial court. He had a natural love of justice and it was his early ambition to be a lawyer. That ambition was realized by perseverance in the face of poverty and many difficulties. His devotion to the law and reverence for its principles, at that time, were illustrated by an address delivered at Springfield, in 1837, in which he exhorted his hearers never to violate, in the least particular, the laws of the country and never to tolerate their violation by others. He believed that respect for the law should

be inculcated among the people, and said "Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the United States."

Law books were then few in number but they contained the fundamental rules under which justice has been and is administered. Practically his whole education derived from books was acquired in the study of the law and that study moulded his intellect and character and gave color to all his thoughts. He learned the principles of the law and his great common sense enabled him to apply them to different conditions. His ability, integrity and devotion to law and justice soon won for him an exalted position at the bar. To have succeeded in an unworthy cause would have given him neither pleasure nor pride, and his success was founded, not upon tricks and devices to defeat the law, but in truth and honesty in upholding the law as he understood it.

He was lured from the practice of law to political life for a short time, but left Congress in much dissatisfaction to resume the profession which he loved. In the friendly contests of the bar he met men of great ability and learning who called forth his greatest efforts; and it was these contests that developed his growing powers. When he was again summoned to the political field by what he believed to be a great wrong, he stepped into the arena fully equipped by experience at the bar to meet and overthrow his great antagonist. Victor in that contest, although lacking the rewards of victory, he returned to the law office in Springfield and to the practice of the law. From that office he went directly to the highest position in the nation and assumed the greatest burdens ever laid upon the shoulders of an American citizen. He had then received an education at the bar such as no university could have given him.

He looked upon the crisis which confronted the nation with the eye and from the standpoint of the lawyer. His first inaugural address which closed with the oft-quoted and touching appeal to his dissatisfied fellow-countrymen was, in its substance, a legal argument. He said that he had no

lawful right to interfere with slavery in the states where it existed, and having no such right he had no inclination to do so. He recalled the resolution of the platform on which he had been a candidate denouncing lawless invasion of state or territory and declared for the maintenance of the rights of the states. He quoted the provisions of the constitution as to the delivery of persons held to service or labor in one state and escaping to another, and applied the maxim of the law: "The intention of the law-giver is the law." He did not give his approval to those who refused obedience to laws enacted in pursuance of the Constitution whether animated by hatred of what he regarded as a great wrong and injustice or not.

He argued the indissoluble nature of the compact between the states both in contemplation of universal law and the law of contract. It was the unanswerable argument of a lawyer. He believed in the justice of the people and asked, "Why should there not be confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any other or equal hope in the world?"

With the warmest and kindest human sympathy he combined an unyielding adherence to right

and justice; and in his habit of thought, remained a lawyer to the end. After four years when he realized that the decision of the issue might rest with the Judge of all the Earth and that the judgment might be that all the wealth piled by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil should be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn with the lash should be paid with another drawn with the sword, yet he could humbly say: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

You have determined to commemorate the life and character of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer and have designed this tablet to be placed at the site of his first law office. It will be a perpetual memorial and belongs to a class which the law regards as public benefactions on account of their tendencies and the lessons which they teach. Like the building of churches which inclines the hearts of the people to morality and religion, the founding of seats of learning for education, and the establishment of public hospitals, so the statue, the monument and the memorial to commemorate a great and worthy life and example serve the highest public good by the inspiration which they give to emulate the life and imitate the example.

This tablet will be a constant reminder of the great lawyer and President and of the qualities which endeared him to the people and have made his name immortal. It will deliver its voiceless but potent message to the mind and heart, not alone on this day set apart for celebrating the goodness and greatness of Mr. Lincoln, but from hour to hour and day to day in the coming years. The message and the lesson will not be alone for the student of history, the philosopher, the statesman or for those who gather today to listen to their wisdom, but also to every passer-by. It will inspire the boy as his mind and character unfold and develop from day to day, and inspire him with higher ideals of life and of the responsibilities of a citizen. It will teach its lesson to the laboring man who toils for the support of himself and family and to all common people into whose rank Mr. Lincoln was born and from whom he never permitted himself to be separated by place or power. It will stimulate patriotism in all and teach the lesson that those things which truly exalt an individual are the old fashioned and homely virtues of honesty, truth and integrity. By its silent influence it will lead to emulation of the character, the simple virtues, the

kind heart, obedience to the spirit of the law of the great lawyer and the great President whom it commemorates.

COLONEL MILLS

Introducing Judge Creighton

This occasion is graced with the presence of and participation of a gentleman who succeeded to the law business of Mr. Lincoln whose associates and successors were as follows: Stuart and Lincoln; Logan and Lincoln; Herndon and Lincoln; Herndon and Zane; Herndon and Orendorff; Orendorff and Creighton.

I have now the honor of presenting our most worthy townsman, who has graced the bench of our county and circuit courts longer than any of his predecessors, Judge James A. Creighton.

JUDGE CREIGHTON

Lincoln, the Citizen

MR. PRESIDENT—I thank you and, through you and the committee, I thank all the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, for the honor conferred upon me by placing my name on the program for this occasion.

The announcement made by your president suggests to my mind that but for the fact that the venerable Judge Zane, so respected and so loved by all, is unable by reason of the weight of years to make the long journey from his present home in Salt Lake City, the place assigned to me would have been assigned to him; and after Judge Zane our distinguished fellow-citizen, General Orendorff, would have received this honor but for the fact that he is confined to his home by severe illness.

Concerning the subject assigned I want to make this statement: “Lincoln, the Citizen,” comprises all there was of Lincoln—all his life, all his labors, all his achievements. It is apparent that no dis-

cussion in detail within the time here allotted to this subject could greatly enlighten or entertain an audience composed almost wholly of Springfield citizens at so early an hour upon a day so filled with world-wide interesting exercises as our program for this day discloses. No one can recognize this more than I. I shall detain you but a short time and hope to keep within the limit of time allotted me.

This occasion is an epoch-marking occasion—the celebration of the centennial of the birth of Lincoln in the city where he spent substantially, all of his mature life and in the very shadow of the monument that marks his resting place. More than a year ago a number of patriotic Lincoln-loving Springfield citizens begun to plan a Lincoln centennial celebration that should be something more than local—a celebration that should be State-wide, Nation-wide, World-wide in its scope. They procured the Congress to make Lincoln's birthday a national holiday; they procured the General Assembly to create a commission to make arrangements for the celebration and they organized and incorporated the Lincoln Centennial association. This association is a perpetual associa-

tion and now consists of five hundred and ten life members. Its purpose is to be an immortal guard of honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. To-day in every state of this Union of States, in every country upon which the sun shines, the centennial anniversary of the birth of Lincoln is being celebrated and in every language that has a literature.

I remember when I was a boy at school I was assigned to compose and deliver an oration on Abraham Lincoln. While Judge Cartwright was speaking the opening sentence of that oration recurred to my mind: "If the question were to be asked 'What one man has engrossed the attention of the civilized world above all others for the last seven years?' the answer must be Abraham Lincoln." And today if the question were to be asked, "What one character is engrossing the attention of the civilized world above that of all others?" the answer still must be that of Abraham Lincoln.

I never personally knew Mr. Lincoln. The tragedy of his death occurred when I was yet a boy. But the name of Lincoln was a household word in my father's home from my earliest recollection. I shall not go into all the interesting history of why

that was so. I shall simply state a few conclusions and take it for granted that a Springfield audience knows all the evidentiary facts.

Soon after I came to full manhood I became a citizen of Springfield. I came here with a mind and heart hungry for every scrap of truth that I could glean concerning any feature of his life. It was my good fortune to know Major Stuart, his preceptor and first law-partner; Judge Stephen T. Logan, his second law-partner and, in a sense, a preceptor after the lines of whose mind Lincoln trained his own to think; William H. Herndon, his partner for the seventeen years that preceded his election to the Presidency and his nominal partner during all the years he held that office; Hon. Ninian Edwards, in whose house Lincoln wooed and won and wedded; Captain Kidd, the crier of the court, who remembered more of the stories that Lincoln actually did tell than any other man; Judge Benjamin F. Edwards, James C. Conkling, Judge James H. Matheny, Judge S. H. Treat, Milton Hay, Governor Palmer, General McClernand, Col. John Williams, George Black and many more who have since gone home—whose names will readily occur to all of you as personal friends of Mr. Lincoln. All

these and many others throughout the city and country were my personal friends with whom I was on social terms and, with respect to all that pertained to Lincoln, I think on intimate and confidential terms. And of the men who knew Lincoln —these still living in this community—I have had the good fortune to know such men as Dr. William Jayne, John W. Bunn, Senator Cullom, Dr. Pasfield, Dr. Converse, Clinton L. Conkling, Charles Ridgley, and many others. I believe I have come in personal contact with almost every man that has lived in this city or this county since my coming here who really ever had any personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln and have talked with them about him by the hour, by the day—in the aggregate I believe I might say—by the year. I have gathered every scrap of available information bearing upon every feature and act of his life; and the consensus of it all is that Abraham Lincoln was in very truth, in all the petty details of private life as well as in his public career, a Model Citizen. He was in every respect and in every true sense of the word a moral man; he was diligent and painstaking in business; he was honest; he was kind; he was loyal to his friends without taint of selfishness; he was just,

I was about to say, to his enemies—I will say, to his adversaries—Lincoln had no personal enemies and he was absolutely devoid of malice. I have never heard a syllable from any person evidencing a single instance in the life of Lincoln where he harbored the least malice. He, a few times, was observed to become intensely angry when his motives were impugned and he was not always able to restrain himself from all exhibition of anger; but when the heat of passion had subsided, as it always soon did, there remained no trace of malice. He had provocation. He was slighted by men who ought to have been too just to slight him; he was snubbed by men who ought to have been too great to snub him; he was betrayed by men who ought to have been too loyal to betray him; he had provocation that would have caused the iron to enter the soul of almost any less perfect than the Son of Man. You all recall some of these instances and you know how free from malice his subsequent conduct proved him to be.

He believed in the Great Jehovah and in the eternal principles of truth and justice and he acted up to the full measure of his belief, every day of his life—in the smallest and most trivial transaction

as well as in the greatest. I wish to repeat that he was, in every sense of the term, at every stage of his life, in very truth a Model Citizen. I know how impotent and empty mere adjective eulogy is —how little it really means to say of a man that he was honest, good, great, wise, unselfish, devoid of malice and the like to this end—mere adjective laudation. But in this case, the case of Abraham Lincoln, the evidence which I have not recounted in detail is known to you all; and to say these things (and many more that might be said of him) does mean something to you. The people of Springfield, his neighbors in the country villages, knew Lincoln's worth and valued it before he was discovered to the Nation and the world.

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

The High School meeting held on the afternoon of the 11th was attended by the faculty and students of the Springfield High School, Principal L. M. Castle presiding. The leading feature of this event was the address of General John W. Noble, of St. Louis, who served with distinction as a general of the Civil War and later served as Secretary of the Interior under President Harrison. His address follows.

GENERAL NOBLE

The Relation of Springfield to Lincoln and the Character of the United States as Impersonated in Lincoln

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL—I have but little claim to come here on the centennial of Abraham Lincoln's birth, to speak regarding him. His praise has been spoken for almost a half a century, by the most eminent men, not only in our own country but others, and his deeds have become a part of the history, not only of the United States, but of the best chapters of all history that relates to mankind.

I have put on my breast today, not through any egotism, the only claim I have to be here, the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was a soldier for four years—one of Abraham Lincoln's Union soldiers. I served in my own regiment, for those four years, with men who knew him. I knew him. I served with men that knew that whatever might happen, in death, in carnage, in victory or defeat,

in advance or retreat, whether this or that general was good or bad, or that movement was successful or unsuccessful, there was above us all one heart, one man, that was the friend of us all, that wanted our success as he wanted to live, himself, that that success might be for the benefit of his country and the world, that loved the soldiers and whom the soldiers loved, Abraham Lincoln!

And in that sympathy of feeling, born of those four years, I, when asked by your superintendent to come here, felt that I might come. I might speak a word in Springfield, not in addition of praise—Lincoln needs no praise from me; not to add anything to history—it has all been written; but before you young men and women (some of whom are almost as old as the boys that went with me into the army in '61, and girls like those we left behind us when we went into the army, daughters yourselves, and sons, of the very soldiers, or the grandchildren of the very soldiers of whom I have spoken) I might say a word here at Springfield that would be worth your while to hear.

Springfield! The center, the capital, of this great State of Illinois! The song that has just been sung has touched my heart deeply. “Illinois! Illinois!”

The refrain bears with it memories of mine from old. I have almost always lived, not in Illinois, but on the border of Illinois, and coming here to speak of this great man, Abraham Lincoln, I am touched when I reflect how sweet those words would be, were he today to hear them. For if a man ever lived who appreciated and was grateful for the support, the kindness, the aid of a people, Abraham Lincoln was towards the people of Illinois, and of the people of Illinois, most, those of Springfield.

How did he come to Springfield? You remember. On a borrowed horse, with a pair of saddle bags that contained all his earthly goods, how he left his father on the farm where he had hewed the rails to inclose a few acres, and arriving at the store of Mr. Speed, dismounted and talked to him, and said, "I have come to Springfield to live," and Speed says, "What are you going to do?" "Well," he said, "I want you to go over with me to the boarding house, and if this experiment of being a lawyer is successful, I can pay my board, and if it is not they will have to wait until I can earn it some other way, I think." And Speed said, "Well, Lincoln, I have a double bed up stairs, go up and

stay with me, and I will go over with you and we will arrange about your boarding there. It is a double bed and we can both sleep in the same bed.' ' Lincoln said no more. He took the saddle bags upstairs and then he came down and said, "Well, Speed, I've moved!" He had come to Springfield.

Now, who was this man? What had he done? What attainments had he acquired? A poor boy, whose bare feet had trod the earth from Kentucky to Indiana, and who, as he had grown up, conducted his own family and helped move to Illinois, and had learned the rudiments of an education hard and more or less imperfectly but had attained at least to a sufficient acquaintance with the English law and English literature to have read the Life of Washington, and the Bible, the statutes of Indiana, and some law books, enough to claim to be a lawyer!

What and how did he leave Springfield, and when? He left Springfield the best equipped, mentally, morally and as a statesman, of any man that has ever lived in the State of Illinois, or I may say in the United States.

How did he acquire it? You know it is a fact that things that last long grow slowly. The great

productions of the world are those that mature in long periods of time. He grew slowly. Abraham Lincoln was no great genius. He did not spring up and startle the world any more than you would do. There is nothing in your condition today, my young friends, that is not superior in all that you have, in the way of intellectual equipment, to what Abraham Lincoln had, and you have before you the same opportunities that he had. There is not a boy nor a girl within the sound of my voice that has not all that goes to illuminate the mind, and more than he had; but there is something else. There is character.

What is character? Tell me that. It is the combination of qualities that goes to make a man—a good man, or a bad man. It is the combination, and what is the quality? You say, “A combination of qualities,” what is the quality? A quality is that which distinguishes one subject from another. Wood has a quality. Iron has another quality. A man has a quality of integrity. Another man has a quality of malice.

Where the character is involved, everything is at stake, either for good or bad, and this man that came thus poorly equipped to Springfield had a

character; and that character was born of the study at his mother's knee with the Bible, a study of the Life of Washington and his Farewell Address, a study of the Declaration of Independence, a knowledge of the men who had navigated the great ship of state from the days when Washington was President down to the time he came to Springfield.

It was not an exhaustive study, nor need yours be. If you have the character in which you will imbed that knowledge, then you will so far be like Lincoln, because there was imbedded there that patriotism, that knowledge of the institutions of his country and its history, that led him on to study, to debate, to take up the questions of interest to the people of this community in which he lived, to the state, to his county. Not simply to orate, to talk! He went up and down these streets we walk today. He stood in that public square. He had his office at the corner of it. He met his fellows in every direction. He knew the children of Springfield. There never was a time when Lincoln passed along the street, and a boy or girl spoke to him that he did not at once stop and speak, to ask the name, and if he knew father or mother to speak of them, with a smile that every little girl

and boy knew was the index of a kind heart, he either took them in his arms, or walked with them until they found it necessary to go and leave him. He took the boys of this town out to the Sangamon to fish, and lay upon the bank while they enjoyed a day of recreation. That man who had a family of his own, whose children were the companions of the children of his neighbors, was thinking great thoughts. He was studying to perfect himself. When he had become a member of Congress, through the favor and votes of this community, he had studied and mastered, as he says himself, the first six books of Euclid—geometry! because this man was seeking, not for general expansion of knowledge, not something to talk with, something to make himself illustrious or noted, but acquiring those intellectual instruments and tools whereby he could demonstrate the truth that he believed existed, just as in Euclid you know you have to demonstrate by accurate and successive problems and factors the center of truth. Those were years of study. Those were years of development, not only of the man but of the soul. Attachment to his country was growing within him. The Union! Illinois! Illinois was far away from Washington.

The Louisiana Purchase, across the Mississippi, and ranging off to the Pacific, had been acquired. This great republic was expanding in domain, and its interests were increasing in magnitude from year to year, and no man in all the multitudes of its people saw more clearly than did Abraham Lincoln the fact that we were coming to be a great people; and he had read in the Farewell Address of Washington that the Union was the Palladium of our liberty. He had read in that address of Washington that it was essential to the public safety and happiness that that Union should be preserved.

Abraham Lincoln never forgot those lessons, and as he grew, and these questions were more or less discussed in the legislature, the first thing that he did at Vandalia, when the State had a tendency to go in favor of slavery, which was then authorized by law, was to file a dissenting protest against the vote. He and Mr. Story, the only two men, said: "In our judgment slavery is both an act of injustice and bad policy."

How did he acquire that conscientiousness, that audacity, that courage? He had that from contact with these people whom he met, day after day, on the broad wind-swept prairies where freedom

was in the air; and he had seen slavery in the south. He had seen a yellow girl pinched and moved about as a chattel, whether she would bring more or less, and he had said to himself, "I hate that thing!" "I hate that thing!" And when Illinois was speaking on that subject, he said "It is unjust and it is impolitic." He was studying Euclid. He was studying the history of his country. He was studying the politics of the day. He was talking with his neighbors here in Springfield, and there was a law, you know, whereby slavery had been excluded from any state that might be formed north of the line 36°30", which is the southern boundary of Missouri almost, and Missouri is my state now.

I speak not invidiously. I am not raising up old fires. I am talking about the growth of a great man; and unless I say what was done, and why it was done, it is useless to say it. That line having been acted upon, and Missouri induced into the Union, in course of time another of your citizens, a great man intellectually, Stephen A. Douglas, whom your fathers and grandfathers, many of them, admired very much and stood by, was instrumental in having that line removed by an act of Congress,

and that limitation, which was the term of the treaty by which the state of Missouri had come into the Union, having got Missouri in, on the question of Kansas and Nebraska was removed, so that slavery might not be confined to the south but could come north.

There followed on that the Dred Scott Decision which held substantially—I will not go into that in its refinement—as it was then interpreted, that the institution of slavery could go into any territory, and, indeed, if carried to its limit, any state.

Now this man, here in Springfield, who had been to Congress and had come back, who had offered in Congress a bill declaring for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, which did not receive the consideration of Congress, who had inscribed that early paper with his own signature against that institution, saw his country, our country, about to be invaded with this thing that he had called unjust and impolitic. He put on his intellectual armor. He stood up for the right, and he challenged Mr. Douglas at your town. He debated with him from city to city. Twice he followed him when there was no appointment, and seven times he followed him when there was an

appointment, and met him in debate upon the right of slavery to be national, claiming that freedom was national and not slavery, and that it must be so decided, ultimately.

He did not resist the decision that had been made. He did not endeavor to raise any insurrection, but he simply demonstrated to his fellow citizens, when he was in the forum, that the right thing to do was to support freedom. And so far from being led to anything like revolt, he seized the idea of the Union as he had studied it and learned it from Washington, as the central fact, that the Union must be preserved. Even if he were elected President, no matter what might occur, the Union of these states was the Palladium, as Washington had said.

“What! Can slavery go on?” “Yes,” he answered. “Shall slavery perish?” “Yes” he said, “if necessary,” and as President of the United States, he went forth with but one declaration before the people of our country, and that was the supremacy of the Constitution and the necessity of the Union.

What did he owe to Springfield when he went there? I will not undertake, myself, to repeat what

he said. I will read it to you. He had come with Mr. Speed and stayed with him, and grown to be this man, and when he left Springfield to be President of the United States he said:

“To this place (that is, Springfield,) and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children were born and one lies buried. I leave now, not knowing when or whether ever I may return. With a task before me greater than that which rested on the shoulders of Washington, without the aid of that Divine Being who ever aided him, who controls mine and our destinies, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commanding you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you, friends and neighbors, an affectionate farewell.”

Every heart, on this day, this Centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, should be warm towards

him whose name should be exalted, both for the judgment of his counsels and for the glory of his name to Springfield.

If Lincoln were to look down this day upon this whole bright realm, our country, could his eye see, or his immortal spirit be touched by our sympathy, or heart be moved by mortal affection, it would be upon Springfield, he would look with eyes filled with tears. “Illinois!” “Illinois!”

Here had the man come, from rail splitting, with bare feet on the ground, bringing his humble equipment, on the borrowed horse. Here he had dwelt for 25 years—“a quarter of a century” as he said. Here the “something” had been done, in the development of character.

The demand that slavery should be national and that freedom should be confined to a particular section, did not end when he was elected President. He had advocated freedom for the nation. He had submitted it to the jury of his countrymen and the verdict had been in his favor. The judgment was entered, when he took the oath of office as President of the United States, that this Union should not be dissolved. But it is one thing to render judgment. It is another to enforce it. Then

came the execution of that judgment. "Shall it be so or shall a portion of those that ought to obey the law resist it successfully?"

I don't know how familiar you are with the battles of the war. I don't know whether you recognize how many men died to make that verdict final and that judgment obeyed.

Vicksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania! Each one of them mounted up in death losses to tens and twenties of thousands killed and wounded. That had to be done and the character that had to do it was the character of Abraham Lincoln.

He did not cease in his war for the Union. He never hesitated. Judge Usher, who was his Secretary of the Interior a portion of the time, says that from the beginning to the end of the war there never was a moment that Abraham Lincoln had the least doubt about the successful result for our country. He never allowed a compromise of principle.

When, after his election, there were conferences whereby they could accomodate matters so that there would be no war, he wrote, and he declared and advised, that there be no compromise. "What

we have gained for freedom, we will maintain. The Union must be preserved. No separation, no disintegration, of this great government of ours. No man is my friend who wants, now, to quit, and give up what we have gained, for the reason that it will all have to be done over again. We have won for the Union. If we give up it will have to be done again. Don't do it! We may as well meet the issue now, as ever."

The hosts of the south were, at the beginning, successful. I have no hostility in my heart against the southern man, now, although I was a soldier, and he tried to kill me and I tried to put him out of the fight.

Henry Ward Beecher was in England, trying to get some sympathy for the United States, in its great fight, and told them we were going to be successful that they better land on our side, and it would be better just on those principles, whether they were in favor of freedom or slavery. They hooted and cried out against him, and would not listen. Hoots and cat-calls mingled with fife and horn. Finally, a man called, out of a box, "If you can whip them, why haven't you done it before?"

Dr. Beecher said, "Now, then, Englishmen, since fair play is a jewel, I claim the right to answer that man."

It was in Exeter Hall, at a great meeting there. The English nation always voices a sentiment for "fair play," you know.

He said, "You asked me why if we can whip them, we haven't whipped them before," He went on "I will tell you why, my friend. It is because we are fighting Americans, and not British."

He had that fight to make and he made it. Here is slavery; here is the independence of the United States, its character of independence, its character for justice, its Declaration of Independence in the Constitution, that every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and here is the man who has come to the foremost place, to assert these concrete propositions!

There was slavery, yes. There was slavery when Washington was President, and had the Constitution made as it was made. There was slavery through all the years down to the time of Lincoln. The character of Washington, of Hamilton, of John Marshall the Chief Justice, had interpreted

the Constitution of the United States so as to make it effective, with Daniel Webster, who demonstrated the great proposition that ended in these glorious words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." They had all done that in the presence of a Constitution that, as Mr. Lincoln said, in his debate with Douglas, gave the power to one man, under the law, to eat the bread that another man had earned.

Now, Mr. Lincoln did not want to raise that question. He wanted the Union, and he knew that if the Union of these states was preserved, as he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." "It cannot be half free and half slave. It will be ultimately all one or all the other." He knew and he believed that if the Union was preserved and grew as it was growing, it would make freedom ultimately. He did not say that; he held that. Battle after battle was lost, the people were almost dismayed, but men kept coming, with the old song, "We're coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," swelling the ranks of the army until, before the war was over, and this great struggle for liberty concluded, there had been three million mustered on the Union side.

There was the difficulty. He said, "I do not want to destroy this thing of slavery without compensation. Let me pay you four hundred million dollars. It is costing millions of dollars a day to carry on the war. Take this money that would be spent in war, and stand with the Union, and let your slaves go free. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I want it to stand; it must stand. Give up your peculiar institution." No. The vote in the House of Representatives was against it. No more eloquent passages were ever written by Abraham Lincoln, than in his message recommending compensated emancipation.

I often wonder, when we read the Gettysburg address, and the second inaugural address, and the conclusion of the first inaugural address and the letter to Mrs. Bixby, with which you are all familiar—I often wonder that there is not read with them the conclusion of that message to Congress on the first of December, 1862, after the first emancipation proclamation had been issued on September 22d—I often wonder that the passage commencing "We cannot escape from this

thing," is not put alongside of them as one of the most expressive and eloquent expressions that Mr. Lincoln ever used.

The battle of Antietam occurred after Mr. Lincoln had written the Emancipation Proclamation. He had it put away. He was afraid that if he sent forth that proclamation when we were in defeat the world would say, "Oh, that is a desperate ruse of a man that has no other resources. You are striking blindly." He would not do that. The son of the old pioneer, the grandson of one who had fallen in the wilderness with the shot of an Indian, the boy who was born in Kentucky and had lived in this great state, was a man of infinite courage. He would not do an act of any kind, even an act setting free the slave, from an idea of weakness. He said to the ministers that came to him from Chicago, and wanted to issue the proclamation before it was ready, "I do not want to issue a bull, like the Pope against a comet. I cannot stop that. I can scarcely enforce the Constitution. I am trying to do that. Why do you want me to do this other?" He waited until after the battle of Antietam, when General Lee came north and invaded the state of Maryland.

Then there was victory for the United States. What did the victory cost? Fourteen thousand men on their side and twelve thousand men on our side killed and wounded. It was fought on Friday. On Saturday it was uncertain for a while whether we had gained the victory or lost the battle. On Sunday Mr. Lincoln knew that it was a victory; and as he said, "I brushed up my proclamation and on Monday I let them have it."

At last the thunderbolt was thrown! That which was to destroy the institution and make perfect the character of the United States! Justice! Freedom! Not only for the slave, but for all the world, because that thought, thus expressed and thus embodied, became a part of our Constitution, that slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, whereof the party has been duly convicted, shall not exist in the United States or any place within their jurisdiction.

Now thus this Illinois man, that had borne this mighty weight of battle, even of defeat in the field, of strenuous days, for four years rounded out and perfected the character of the United

States, as truly just and truly statesmanlike and politic, and embodied it in the Constitution of the United States.

So I say, the character of these United States, being of these lineaments and qualities which I have endeavored to portray, were impersonated in this man.

What has been done for us? I bore my little part in that Grand Army, with your father, and your grandfather. I helped a little, but I received, and have received, from that day to this, untold blessings, in my country's career. What is our country now? Is it dissevered? Is it disorganized? Is it weak? Look to that fleet now coming home across the broad sea, in three columns, like the tines in Neptune's trident. It has been around the world with our country's flag. Would we have had that, had not Lincoln stood up for the Union, had the man not been for the Union, had the Union not been preserved? I think not.

Listen to that tall shaft that on the Republic, in danger, sent out the summons of peril, to harbor and town and vacant ocean, to vessels that hastened to the rescue. You can see Lincoln standing there for the Union like that great electric shaft,

and you can hear the throb in distant household and park and altar and field, and the tapping of that mysterious sympathy that united a great people in a great struggle. They hastened to the support of his great effort to save our Union, as the vessels went to the rescue of the Republic. Bless you! I think so. And I think that as mankind is in sympathy everywhere with those who rescue from death and the grave in the ocean, so our people are in sympathy with the spirit of our great republic, and realize that there was a redemption, a life-saving act of this great man, and that we owe him what he gave us,—integrity. My young friends, integrity, honesty, in all of the relations of life. Abraham Lincoln paid a debt of a few dollars years after it was due because he could not pay it when it was due. He walked miles to return to a woman the change she had given him over the amount she ought to have paid him, in his store. He went to his store one morning, and found he had sold a parcel of tea to a young woman and had put a weight in the scales, so it measured lighter than he had supposed. He took that much tea, that she had paid for and not received, and carried it to her.

He carried the dollars due from him as postmaster of New Salem, for years, until the government sent a balance sheet to him, and then he said (he was then a lawyer, I believe) "Yes, I have put it here on the shelf somewhere." He had taken the money due the government and put it in an old sack, and kept it for years, until the government called for it, then handed it over. He had integrity, not alone in great things, that all the world knows about, but in the little things that we encounter when no one is looking.

It has been said that a man of true courage will perform an act of valor when he is alone just as readily as when he is in the eye of millions of people. A man of integrity will do acts of honesty when no man knows it, when it is in the smallest of matters, because it is not the praise of the act that makes the man. It is that character that is within him.

Self reliance! You will need that, my young friends. There is nothing you will find more irksome at times than to make up your minds. Lincoln was a man that never asked advice as to what he should do, after he had determined upon it. He listened. He was a man that

touched life, as I have endeavored to express, as a wireless telegraph, to every corner about him. He knew more about the political situation of a state, or a city, or community, than anybody, because he was in tune with it. When he had made up his purpose he was as immutable and immovable as a rock.

When disasters were falling upon the army, when this battle and that was being lost, when men discontented were almost shrieking out, when Horace Greeley, his old friend, was criticising him, he would have been moved if he ever was.

Independence! He earned his living. Every dollar that he ever spent, he earned.

Truthfulness! He had a scorn for anything but the absolute truth in regard to every matter.

I could go on and enumerate and illustrate his qualities. You know them. You have read them. My thought is to you today, "Be like him." Our public schools have given you great advantages.

It was my privilege, while I was in the government employ, to have the public schools in charge, and it has always been a matter of great consolation and gratitude to me that you have twenty per cent of our pupils in the high schools.

Now then, a word about the future and I will close. You have the future in your control. If you will exercise the qualities that he developed, and give to your country the character that it now has, and keep it so, you need not fear any sudden shock. You will carry with you the weapons to meet the emergencies of the future. If the call of battle summons, you girls will see your brothers and husbands go, as you men yourselves will go, at the call of duty; and you will have the same courageous determination to perform the daily task that is before you that Lincoln had; and with that will be achieved that morality which Lincoln in his first inaugural address demonstrated we must preserve.

I thank you for your kind attention. I have a deep sympathy with you. I am proud that I have been given the opportunity by your instructors to be here; and if in this feeble address I have been able to aid you to a single thought that will better your lives and help our country, I shall be most grateful.

AT THE LINCOLN HOME

In the afternoon a reception was held at the Lincoln Home by the Daughters of the American Revolution, at which addresses were made by Mrs. Donald McLean of New York and Mrs. E. S. Walker of Springfield, and by Ambassadors Jusserand and Bryce. From the Lincoln Home the assemblage repaired to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian association where a banquet was spread under the management of the Daughters of the Revolution at which addresses were made by Mrs. E. S. Walker, Mrs. William J. Bryan, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Mrs. Chas. V. Hickox, Mrs. Donald McLean and others.

This reception and banquet were largely attended by ladies from neighboring cities and states and both met the highest hopes of the managers.

AT THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY

On the evening of the 11th a reception was held at the rooms of the State Historical Library at the Capitol. Among the guests that thronged the rooms were a number of persons who knew Mr. Lincoln well before his election to the Presidency. The meeting was quite informal, the addresses extemporaneous and largely reminiscent in character. Hon. Reddick Ridgely presided and brief talks were made by J. McCan Davis; B. F. Shaw, Dixon; Paul Selby, Chicago; W. T. Norton, Alton; W. M. T. Baker, Bolivia; H. W. Clendenin and T. J. Crowder.

AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

At 10 a. m., before their visit to the monument, the guests of the Commission called at the Executive Mansion where they were received by Governor and Mrs. Deneen. Among the number were Hon. ROBERT T. LINCOLN; Ambassadors JUSSERAND and BRYCE; Senator DOLLIVER; Hon. WM. J. BRYAN; Judge SEAMAN, Milwaukee; Judge ANDERSON, Indianapolis; Judges LANDIS and GROSSCUP, Chicago; Judges KLEIN and ROBINSON, St. Louis; General NOBLE, St. Louis; Honorables JAMES S. HARLAN, WILLIAM PHILLIPS, C. H. BUTLER, and W. B. RIDGELY, Washington; Dr. EDMUND J. JAMES, Champaign; Messrs. E. A. BRIGGS, J. W. HARM and PAUL SELBY, Chicago; and Hon. B. F. SHAW, Dixon.

AT THE TOMB

Early in the day the veterans of the GRAND ARMY of the REPUBLIC, whose names appear in another part of this volume, marched to the Lincoln Monument at Oak Ridge, accompanied by a military band, pitched their tents, built a campfire, and served as a Guard of Honor during the day. Many visitors, singly and in groups, found their way to the Monument in the course of the day.

Just before noon the guests of the Commission together with the State and city officials, Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the State Commission and of the Centennial association and many citizens of Springfield, visited the tomb of Lincoln. There were no ceremonies of any kind during this visit. With bowed heads, uncovered the visitors approached the tomb, paid their silent tribute to the memory of the honored dead and returned to their carriages.

A section of artillery of the State National Guard fired the Presidential Salute of twenty-one guns as the visitors left the cemetery.

AT THE ILLINI COUNTRY CLUB

An informal luncheon was served the guests of the Commission on their return from the Monument at 12:30, by the Illini Country club. No addresses were made and the guests immediately after the conclusion of the luncheon, repaired to the Tabernacle for the afternoon exercises.

THE VETERAN GUARD OF HONOR

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H. A. SAUNDERS, Post Adjutant

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JOHN YOUNG	H. W. ROKKER
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The Veteran Guard of Honor—*Concluded*

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